

Gal 9 V. 6. H. A. C.

P O E M S

BY

W
WILLIAM MASON, M. A.
H.

VOL. III.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Y O R K :

PRINTED BY W. BLANCHARD : SOLD BY J. ROBSON, NEW
BOND-STREET; T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
STRAND, LONDON; AND J. TODD, AND
W. TESSEYMAN, YORK.

MDCCXCVII.

1307/12

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume consists of a few occasional Odes, &c. which the Author had before published separately, but could not insert in the last edition of his Poems in two volumes, 1796, without too much encreasing their size; to these are added such as have stolen into the world surreptitiously, and others (chiefly juvenile compositions) that, he was aware, existed in MS. in the hands of different persons. The latter, (as in this typographical age, *nescit vix missa reverti*) he thought, when revised, it would be best to publish in his life-time, to prevent them from appearing in a less correct manner after his death. With respect to some other pieces, and particularly the two concluding Dramas, when he adds that they had several years ago met with the approbation of certain poetical and critical Friends of unquestioned judgement, many of them since dead, he hopes that their present publication will not be deemed to proceed from a blamable partiality.



CONTENTS.

ODES.

Page

1.	ON leaving St. John's College, Cambridge	- 3
2.	On expecting to return to Cambridge	- 6
3.	Ode for Music	- 9
4.	Ode for Music	- 14
5.	Ode	- 17
6.	To the Naval Officers of Great-Britain	- 20
7.	Ode	- 25
8.	To the Honourable William Pitt	- 30
9.	Ode Secular	- 36
10.	Palinodia	- 42

ELEGIES.

1.	To Miss Pelham on the Death of her Father	- 49
2.	On Viewing a Church-Yard in South Wales	- 53

SONNETS.

1.	To a young Lady with Doddsley's Miscellanies	- 63
2.	To a Friend on the Morning of his Marriage	- 64
3.	Written in August 1773	- 65
4.	To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry 1776	- 66
5.	To a very young Painter	- 67
6.	Anniversary Sonnet 1795	- 69
7.	Anniversary Sonnet 1796	- 70
8.	To the Bishop of Worcester sent with the preceding	- 71
9.	Occasioned by the late Attack on the present Taste of English Gardens	- 72
10.	To a Gravel Walk relative to the same Subject	- 73
11.	Occasioned by a Didactic Poem on the Progress of Civil Society	- 74

EPITAPHS and INSCRIPTIONS.

	<i>Page</i>
1. On Thomas Fountayne, Esq; - - - - -	77
2. On Lancelot Brown, Esq; - - - - -	78
3. Inscription on a Tripod to the Memory of W. Whitehead, Esq; - - - - -	79
4. Inscription for a Picture of the Editor of Shake- spear's MSS. 1796 - - - - -	80

MISCELLANIES.

1. The Birth of Fashion - - - - -	83
2. Il Bellicoso - - - - -	93
3. Il Pacifico - - - - -	102
4. To the Author's Father - - - - -	109
5. Stanzas on the Banks of the Cam - - - - -	114
6. Ifis, a Monologue - - - - -	118
7. Protogenes and Apelles - - - - -	125
8. Ode translated from Casimir - - - - -	137
9. Song of Harold the Valiant - - - - -	138
10. Song - - - - -	141
11. Sappho, a Lyrical Drama - - - - -	145
12. Argente and Curan, a Legendary Drama - - - - -	193

O D E S.

OLD E.S.

O D E I.

On Leaving St. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

1746.

GRANTA farewell! thy time-enobled shade
No more must glimmer o'er my musing head,
Where waking dreams, of Fancy born,
Around me floated eve and morn.

I go—Yet, mindful of the charms I leave,

Mem'ry shall oft their pleasing portrait give;

Shall teach th' ideal stream to flow

Like gentle Camus, soft and slow;

Recall each antique spire, each cloyster's gloom,

And bid this vernal noon of life re-bloom.

Ev'n if old Age, in Northern clime,

Shower on my head the snows of Time,

There still shall Gratitude her Tribute pay

To him who first approv'd my infant lay*;

N O T E.

* It was by the advice of Dr. POWELL, the Author's Tutor at St. John's College, that *MUSÆUS* was published. This Ode is now for the first time printed from a corrected copy.

And fair to Recollection's eyes
 Shall POWELL's various Virtues rise.
 See the bright train around their fav'rite throng :
 See Judgment lead meek Diffidence along,
 Impartial Reason following flow,
 Disdain at Error's shrine to bow,
 And Science, free from hypothetic pride,
 Proceed where sage Experience deigns to guide.
 Such were the guests from Jove that came,
 Genius of Greece ! to fix thy fame :
 These wak'd the bold Socratic thought, and dress'd
 Its simple beauties in the splendid vest
 Of Plato's diction : These were seen
 Full oft on Academic green ;
 Full oft where clear Ilissus warbling stream'd ;
 Bright o'er each Master of the Mind they beam'd,
 Inspiring that preceptive art
 Which, while it charm'd, refin'd the heart,
 And with spontaneous ease, not pedant toil,
 Bade Fancy's roses bloom in Reason's soil.
 The fane of Science then was hung
 With wreathes that on Parnassus sprung ;

And

And in that fane to his encircling youth
 The Sage dispens'd th' ambrosial food of Truth*,
 And mingled in the social bowl
 Friendship, the nectar of the soul.
 Meanwhile accordant to the Dorian lyre,
 The moral Muses join'd the vocal choir,
 And Freedom dancing to the sound
 Mov'd in chaste Order's graceful round.
 Thus, Athens, were thy free-born Offspring train'd
 To act each Patriot part thy laws ordain'd ;
 Thus void of magisterial awe,
 Each Youth in his Instructor saw
 Those manners mild, unknown in modern school,
 Which form'd him by example more than rule ;
 And felt that, varying but in name,
 The Friend and Master were the same.

NOTE.

* Alluding to the ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΑ, particularly Xenophon's, respecting the moral songs of the Greeks.—See Dr. Hurd's note on the 219th verse of Horace's Art of Poetry, Vol. 1. p. 173, 4th edit.

O D E II.

*On expecting to return to CAMBRIDGE, * 1747.*

I. 1.

WHILE Commerce, riding on thy reflux tide,
 Impetuous Humber! wafts her stores
 From Belgian or Norwegian shores,
 And spreads her countless sails from side to side;
 While, from yon crouded strand,
 Thy genuine sons the pinnace light unmoor,
 Break the white surge with many a sparkling oar,
 To pilot the rich freight o'er each insidious sand;

I. 2.

At distance here my alien footsteps stray,
 O'er this bleak plain unblest with shade,
 Imploring Fancy's willing aid
 To bear me from thy banks of sordid clay:

N O T E.

* This is also for the first time printed. In the interval between the dates of the preceding Ode and of this, the Author had been unexpectedly nominated by the Fellows of Pembroke Hall to a vacant Fellowship. See *Memoirs of Mr. Gray*, vol. 3, p. 70, edit. 1778.

Her

Her barque the Fairy lends,
 With rainbow pennants deck'd, and cordage fine
 As the wan silkworm spins her golden twine,
 And, ere I seize the helm, the magic voyage ends,

I. 3.

Lo, where peaceful CAMUS glides
 Through his ozier-fringed vale,
 Sacred Leisure there resides
 Musing in his cloyster pale.
 Wrapt in a deep solemnity of shade,
 Again I view fair Learning's spiry seats,
 Again her ancient elms o'erhang my head,
 Again her votary Contemplation meets,
 Again I listen to Æolian lays,
 Or on those bright heroic portraits gaze,
 That, to my raptur'd eye, the classic page displays.

II. 1.

Here, though from childhood to the Muses known,
 The Lyric Queen her charms reveal'd;
 Here, by superior influence, held
 My soul enchain'd, and made me all her own.

Re-echo every plain!
 While, from the chords she tun'd, the silver voice

Of heav'n-born Harmony proclaims the choice
My youthful heart has made to all Aonia's train.

II. 2.

Here too each social charm that most endears :
Sincerity with open eye,
And frolic Wit, and Humour fly,
Sat sweetly mix'd among my young compeers.
When, o'er the sober bowl,
That but dispell'd the mind's severer gloom,
And gave the budding thought its perfect bloom,
Truth took its circling course and flow'd from soul to soul,

II. 3.

Hail ye friendly faithful Few !
All the streams that Science pours,
Ever pleasing, ever new,
From her ample urn be yours.
When, when shall I amid your train appear,
O when be number'd with your constant guests,
When join your converse, when applauding hear
The mental music of accordant breasts ?
Till then, fair Fancy ! wake these favourite themes,
Still kindly shed these visionary gleams,
Till suns autumnal rise, and realize my dreams.

ODE

O D E III.

*For MUSIC.**

IRREGULAR.

I.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse
 Thou genuine *British* Muse;
 Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
 Cloath'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.
 Come, imperial Queen of song;
 Come with all that free-born grace
 Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
 Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
 That glance of dignity divine,
 Which speaks thee of celestial line;
 Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
 Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

NOTE.

* This Ode was written at the request of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, set to Music by the late Dr. BOYCE, and performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1st, 1749, at the Installation of his Grace THOMAS HOLLIS, Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University; it has since appeared in some Miscellaneous Collections of Poetry, and is therefore here inserted.

The

II.

The elevated soul, that feels
 Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
 Of honest unpolluted praise :
 He with impartial justice deals
 The blooming chaplets of immortal lays :
 He flies above ambition's low career ;
 And thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,
 Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
 Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of Fame,

III.

Goddeſs! thy piercing eye explores
 The radiant range of Beauty's ſtores,
 The ſteep aſcent of pine-clad hills,
 The ſilver ſlope of falling rills ;
 Catches each lively-coloured grace,
 The crimſon of the Wood-Nymph's face,
 The verdure of the velvet lawn,
 The purple of the Eaſtern dawn,
 And all the tints that, rang'd in vivid glow,
 Mark the bold ſweep of the celeftial bow.

IV.

But loſtier far her tuneful tranſports riſe,
 When all the moral beauties meet her eyes :

The

The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,
 That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;
 The honest pride that plumes the Hero's crest,
 When for his country's aid the steel he draws;
 Or that, the calm yet active heat,
 With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,
 To lift fair Science to a loftier feat,
 Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art,
 These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
 She culls with taste refin'd;
 From their ambrosial bloom
 With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,
 And blends the sweets they all convey
 In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Is there a clime, in one collected beam
 Where charms like these their varied radiance stream?
 Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
 Glory's invigorating gales,
 Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
 Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
 Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,
 Where ev'ry flow'r of Virtue glows?
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,

There

There loudly cries——

Majestic GRANTA! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

You too, illustrious Train, she greets,
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught that ætherial fire
That prompts you to aspire
To deeds of civic note; Whether to shield
From base chicane your country's laws;
To pale Disease the bloom of health to yield;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
Those heavenly-temper'd arms to wield,
That drive the foes of Faith indignant from the field,

VII.

And now she tunes her plausive song
To you her sage domestic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal Truth,
And open Wisdom's golden mine.
Each youth, inspir'd by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of Virtue to his heart;

And

And feels in his transported soul
 Enthusiastic raptures roll,
 Gen'rous as those the Sons of Cecrops caught
 In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought

VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain
 Still may these Attic glories reign:
 Still may'st thou keep thy wonted state
 In unaffected grandeur great;
 Great as at this illustrious hour,
 When HE, whom GEORGE'S well-weigh'd choice,
 And ALBION'S gen'ral voice
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,
 When He appears, and deigns to shine
 The leader of thy learned line;
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
 Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
 And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

IX.

Haste then, and amply o'er his head
 The graceful foliage spread.
 Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
 And lift her swelling accents high,
 To tell the world that PELHAM'S name
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

ODE

O D E IV.

*For MUSIC.**

IRREGULAR.

I.

LO! where incumbent o'er the shade
 Rome's rav'ning Eagle bows his beaked head!
 Yet, while a moment fate affords,
 While yet a moment Freedom stays,
 That moment, which outweighs
 Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,
 Shall Mona's grateful Bards employ
 To hymn their godlike Hero to the sky,

II.

Radiant Ruler of the day,
 Pause upon thy orb supreme,
 Bid this awful moment stay.

N O T E.

* When the Dramatic Poem of Caractacus was altered for theatrical Representation in 1776, this Dirge was added to be sung over the body of Arviragus. Being of the Lyrical cast the Author found himself inclined to preserve it in this present series of his Odes.

Bind

Bind it on the brow of time;
While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
To strains, that thrill when Heroes die.

III.

Hear our Harps, in accents slow,
Breathe the dignity of woe,
Solemn notes that pant and pause,
While the last majestic close
In diapason deep is drown'd:
Notes that Mona's Harps should sound.

IV.

See our tears in sobber shower,
O'er this shrine of glory pour!
Holy tears by virtue shed,
That embalm the valiant dead;
In these our sacred Song we steep:
Tears that Mona's Bards should weep.

V.

Radiant Ruler, hear us call
Blessings on the Godlike youth,
Who dar'd to fight, who dar'd to fall,
For Britain, Freedom, and for Truth.

VI.

His dying groan, his parting sigh
 Was Music for the Gods on high ;
 'Twas Valour's Hymn to Liberty.

VI.

Ring out, ye mortal strings !
 Answer, thou heav'nly Harp, instinct with spirit all,
 That o'er Andraestes' throne self-warbling swings.
 There where ten thousand Spheres, in measur'd chime,
 Roll their majestic melodies along,
 Thou guid'st the thundering song,
 Pois'd on thy jasper arch sublime.
 Yet shall thy heav'nly accents deign
 To mingle with our mortal strain,
 And Heav'n and Earth unite, in Chorus high,
 While Freedom wafts her Champion to the sky.

O D E V.*

MAJESTIC Pile ! whose ample eye
 Surveys the rich variety
 Of azure hill, and verdant vale ;
 Say, will thy echoing towers return
 The sighs, that, bending o'er her urn,
 A Naiad heaves in yonder dale ?

The pitying Muse, who hears her moan,
 Smooths into song each gurgling groan,
 And pleads the Nymph's and Nature's cause ;
 In vain, she cries, has simple Taste
 The pride of formal Art defac'd,
 Where late yon height of Terras rose ;

Has vainly bad the lawn decline,
 And wav'd the pathway's easy line
 Around the circuit of the grove,

N O T E.

* Now for the first time printed.

VOL. III.

B

To

To catch, through every opening glade,
That glimmering play of sun and shade,
Which Peace and Contemplation love.

Beauty in vain approv'd the toil,
And hail'd the Sovereign of the Soil
Her own and Fancy's favour'd friend ;
For see, at this ill-omen'd hour,
Base Art assumes his ancient power,
And bids yon distant mound ascend.

See, too, his tyrant grasp to fill,
In silence swells the pensive rill,
That caroll'd sweet the vale along ;
So swells the throbbing female breast,
By wiles of faithless Swain oppress'd,
When Love forbids to speak her wrong.

Tell me, chaste Mistress of the Wave !
If e'er thy rills refus'd to lave
The plain where now entrench'd they sleep ?
Would not thy stream, at Fancy's call,
O'er crags she lifted, fret, and fall,
Through dells she shaded, purl, and creep ?

Yes,

Yes, thou wert ever fond and free,
 To pour thy tinkling melody,
 Sweet Pratler, o'er thy pebbled floor;
 Thy Sisters, hid in neighb'ring caves,
 Would bring their tributary waves,
 If genuine Taste demanded more.

Why then does yon clay barrier rise?
 Behold, and weep, ye lowering skies!
 Ah rather join in vengeful shower:
 Hither your wat'ry phalanx lead,
 And, deeply deluging the mead,
 Burst through the bound with Thunder's roar.

So shall the Nymph, still fond and free
 To pour her tinkling melody,
 Again her lucid charms diffuse:
 No more shall mean mechanic skill
 Dare to confine her liberal rill,
 Foe to the Naiad, and the Muse.

O D E VI.

To the NAVAL OFFICERS of GREAT-BRITAIN.

FEBRUARY II, 1779.*

I. 1.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou Fiend accurst,
Of Sin's incestuous brood, the worst
Whom to pale Death the spectre bore : †
DETRACTION hence! 'tis Truth's command;
She launches, from her seraph hand,
The shaft that strikes thee to th' infernal shore.
Old ENGLAND's Genius leads her on
To vindicate his darling son,
Whose fair and veteran fame
Thy venom'd tongue had dar'd defile :
The Goddess comes, and all the isle
Feels the warm influence of her heav'nly flame.

N O T E S.

* Written immediately after the Trial of Admiral KEPPLE, and then printed.

† Alluding to the well-known Allegory of SIN and DEATH, in the second Book of *Paradise Lost*.

But

I. 2.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
 Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
 The floating bulwarks of her reign,
 It glows with unremitting ray,
 Bright as the orb that gives the day ;
 Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain :
 To Virtue, Valour, Glory true,
 They keep their radiant prize in view
 Ambition's sterling aim ;
 They know that titles, stars, and strings,
 Bestow'd by Kings on slaves of Kings,
 Are light as air when weigh'd with honest fame.

I. 3.

Hireling Courtiers, venal Peers
 View them with fastidious frown,
 Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
 Theirs her amaranthine crown.
 Yes, gallant Train, on your unsullied brows,
 She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
 Warm from a heart where antient Honour glows,
 That scorns to bend the knee at Interests shrine.
 Lo ! at your Poet's call,

To give prophetic fervor to his strain,
Forth from the mighty bosom of the main

. A Giant Deity ascends :

Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall ;

He wields the trident of th' Atlantic vast ;

An awful calm around his Pomp is cast,

O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.

He speaks ; and distant Thunder, murmuring round,

In long-drawn volley, rolls a symphony profound.

II. 1.

Ye Thunders cease ! the voice of Heav'n

Enough proclaims the Terrors given

To Me ne Spirit of the Deep ;

Tempests are mine ; from shore to shore

I bid my billows when to roar,

Mine the wild whirlwind's desolating sweep.

But meek and placable I come

To deprecate Britannia's doom,

And snatch her from her fate ;

Ev'n from herself I mean to save

My sister sov'reign of the wave ;

A voice immortal never warns too late.

Queen

II. 2.

Queen of the Isles! with Empire crown'd,
 Only to spread fair Freedom round,
 Wide as my waves could waft thy name;
 Why did thy cold reluctant heart
 Refuse that blessing to impart,
 Deaf to great Nature's universal claim?
 Why rush, through my indignant tide,
 To stain thy hands with parricide?
 —Ah, answer not the strain!
 Thy wasted wealth, thy widow's sighs,
 Thy half-repentant embassies
 Bespeak thy cause unblest, thy councils vain.

II. 3.

Sister sov'reign of the wave!
 Turn from this ill-omen'd war;
 Turn to where the truly brave
 Will not blush thy wrath to bear;
 Swift on th' insulting Gaul, thy native foe,
 For he is Freedom's, let that wrath be hurl'd;
 To his perfidious ports direct thy prow,
 Arm every bark, be every sail unfurl'd;
 Seize this triumphant hour,

When, bright as gold from the refining flame,
Flows the clear current of thy KEPPEL's fame.

Give to the Hero's full command
Th' imperial Ensigns of thy naval power ;
So shall his own bold auspices prevail,
Nor Fraud's insidious wiles, nor Envy pale
Arrest the force of his victorious band ;

The Gaul subdued, fraternal strife shall cease,
And firm, on Freedom's base, be fixt an Empire's Peace.

ODE

O D E VII.*

WHILE scattering from her seraph wings
 The heav'nly-tinctur'd dew
 Whence ev'ry earthly blessing springs,
 Fair HOPE o'er Albion flew,
 She heard from that superb domain,
 Where Art has dar'd to fix his reign,
 Mid shaggy rocks, and mountains wild,
 A Female Vot'ry breathe her prayer.
 She clos'd her plumes, she hush'd the air,
 And thus replied in accents mild :

" What tender warblings to my ear,
 On zephyrs born, aspire,
 To draw me from my sapphire sphere,
 Charm'd by her magic lyre ?
 I come ; she wakes the willing strings,
 With careless grace her hand she flings

N O T E.

* Now first printed from an enlarged and corrected Copy.

The

The soft symphonious chords among ;
Nor ever on the list'ning plain,
Since the sweet Lesbian tun'd her strain,
Was heard a more melodious song.

“ But why to Me, fair Syren, wake
The supplicating lay ?
Is it in HOPE's vain power to make
Thy gaiety more gay ?
O rather bid me bear my balm
Some fable Captive's woe to calm,
Who bows beneath Oppression's weight ;
Or sooth those scorn'd, yet faithful Few
(For much they need my lenient dew)
That tremble for Britannia's fate.*

“ My mirror but reflects the gleam
Of distant happiness ;
They scorn to court a flatt'ring dream,
Who present joy possess.
The feather'd Sov'reign of the Sky,
Who glories with undazzled eye

N O T E.

* This marks the time when this Ode was written, viz.
towards the conclusion of the American War.

To

To meet the Sun's meridian rays,
 Say, will he quit his radiant height,
 When floating in that sea of light,
 To flutter in a meteor's blaze ?

“ Art thou not She whom fav'ring Fate
 In all her splendor drest,
 To shew in how supreme a state
 A Mortal might be blest ?
 Bade Beauty, Elegance, and Health,
 Patrician Birth, Patrician Wealth,
 Their blessings on her darling shed ;
 Bade Hymen of that generous race
 Who Freedom's fairest annals grace
 Give to thy love th' illustrious head.

“ Is there a boon to Mortals dear
 Her fondness has not lent,
 Ere I could whisper in thy ear
 ‘ The blessing will be sent ?’
 Obsequious have I e'er denied
 To wait attendant at thy side,
 Prepar'd each shade of fear to chace,

To

To antedate each coming joy,
And ere the tranſient bliſs could cloy
To bid a livelier take its place.

“ Nay (bluſhing, I confeſs the truth)
I’ve hover’d o’er thy head
Ev’n when thy too compliant youth,
By wayward Faſhion led,
Has left the Muſes and thy Lyre,
To mix in that tumultuous choir,
Of purblind Chance the Vot’rys pale,
Who round his midnight altars ſtand,
And, as the glittering heaps expand,
His power with unbleſt orgies hail,

“ There Cunning lours, there Envy pines,
There Avarice veils his face,
Ev’n Beauty’s eager eye reſigns
Its mildly-melting grace;
There, as his lots the Dæmon throws,
Each breaſt with expectation glows,
While heedleſs Thou of loſs or gain,
See’ſt from thy hand that treasure flown
That might have huſh’d an Orphan’s moan,
Or ſmooth’d the rugged bed of Pain.

“ O then

“O then I spread my wings to fly
 Back to my sapphire sphere,
 Resolv’d to leave no ray to dry
 Thy morn’s repentant tear ;
 But when that bright atonement falls,
 The fight my resolution palls,
 I haste the liquid gem to save.
 So still, fair Syren, shall my power
 Console thee through life’s varying hour,
 Nor will I quit thee at the grave.

“O then may white-rob’d Faith appear,
 With glowing Charity,
 To spread with Mine their wings and bear
 Their Vot’ry to the sky.
 Then mingling with our Seraph train,
 Thy lyre may wake a loftier strain,
 Where Rapture hymns th’ eternal Throne ;
 Where to desire is to possess,
 No wish for more, no fear for less,
 Where Certainty and I are one.”

O D E VIII.*

To the Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

1782.

Μὴ νῦν, ὅτι φθονεραὶ
Θιατῶν φρένας ἀμφικείμενται ἐλπίδες,
Μὴτ' ἀρετῶν ποτε σιγᾷ τῷ πατρῷαν,
Μηδὲ τέσδ' ὕμνος. PINDAR, Isthm. Ode 2.

I.

'TIS May's meridian reign; yet EURUS cold
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne;
No primrose shower from her green lap she throws, †
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,
And FLORA weeps her fragrant offspring gone.
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew;
To wake, to warble, and to woo

NOTES.

* Printed separately in May 1782.

† This expression is taken from MILTON's song on May Morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

No

No Linnet calls his drooping love :
 Shall then the Poet strike the lyre,
 When mute are all the feather'd quire,
 And Nature fails to warm the Syrens of the grove ?

II.

He shall : for what the fullen spring denies
 The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies ;
 That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.
 Beyond the dancing radiance of the East
 Thy Glory, Son of CHATHAM ! fires his breast,
 And, proud to celebrate thy vernal fame,
 Hark, from his lyre, the strain ascends,
 Which but to Freedom's fav'rite friends
 : That lyre disdains to sound.
 Hark and approve, as did thy Sire *
 The Lays which once with kindred fire
 His Muse in Attic mood, made MONA's oaks rebound.

III.

Long silent since, save when, in KEPPEL's name,
 Detraction, murd'ring Britain's naval fame,

N O T E .

* The Poem of CARACTACUS was read in MS by the late
 Earl of CHATHAM, who honoured it with an approbation
 which the Author is here proud to record.

Rous'd

Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string.*
 But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,
 The vase of Harmony shall pour its stream,
 Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.
 Thy Country too shall hail the song,
 Her echoing heart the notes prolong,
 While they alone with † envy sigh,
 Whose rancour to thy parent dead
 Aim'd, ere his funeral rites were paid,
 With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.

IV.

From Earth and these the Muse averts her view,
 To meet in yonder sea of Ether blue
 A beam, to which the blaze of noon is pale;
 In purpling circles now the glory spreads,
 A host of angels now unveil their heads,
 While Heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.
 Ah see, two white-rob'd Seraphs lead
 Thy Father's venerable shade;

NOTES.

* See Ode to the NAVAL OFFICERS of Great-Britain,
 written 1779.

† See the Motto from PINDAR.

He

He bends from yonder cloud of gold,
While they, the ministers of light,
Bear from his breast a mantle bright,
And with the Heav'n-wove robe thy youthful limbs enfold.

V.

"Receive this mystic gift, my Son!" he cries,
"And, for so wills the Sov'reign of the Skies,
"With this receive, at ALBION's anxious hour,
"A double portion of my patriot zeal,
"Active to spread the fire it dar'd to feel
"Through raptur'd Senates, and with awful power
"From the full fountain of the tongue
"To roll the rapid tide along,
"Till a whole nation caught the flame.
"So on thy Sire shall Heav'n bestow
"A blessing TULLY fail'd to know,
"And redolent in thee diffuse thy Father's fame.

VI.

"Nor thou, ingenuous Boy! that Fame despise
"Which lives and spreads abroad in Heav'n's pure eyes,

"The last best energy of noble mind * ;
 "Revere thy Father's shade ; like him disdain
 "The tame, the timid, temporizing train,
 "Awake to self, to social interest blind :
 "Young as thou art, Occasion calls,
 "Thy Country's scale or mounts or falls
 "As thou and thy compatriots strive ;
 "Scarce is the fatal moment past
 "That trembling ALBION deem'd her last :
 "O knit the union firm, and bid an Empire live.

VII.

"Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's claim,
 "Give life, give strength, give substance to her name ;
 "The legal Rights of Man with Fraud contest,
 "Yes, snatch them from Corruption's baleful power,
 "Who dares, in Day's broad eye, those Rights devour,
 "While Prelates bow, and bless the Harpy feast.
 "If foil'd at first, resume thy course,
 "Rise strengthen'd with Antæan force,
 "So shall thy toil in conquest end.

NOTE.

* In allusion to a fine and well-known passage in Milton's *Lycidas*.

"Let

“ Let others doat on meaner things,
 “ On broider’d Stars, and azure Strings,
 “ To claim thy Sov’reign’s love, be thou thy Country’s
 “ friend.” *

V A R I A T I O N .

* The concluding line in this Ode, when first printed, ran thus :

“ Be thine the Muse’s wreath ; be thou the *People’s Friend*.”
 But when it was recollected, that very soon after its publication, a Person, too well known in the Political World, usurped the name of *Friend of the People*, for no better reason than that of promoting his own success in an Election Contest at Westminster, it will not be wondered at, that the Author should now chuse to alter that conclusion.

This he has done, not only on *moral* and *prudential*, but, he trusts, also on Constitutional Principles ; as he firmly believes, that no Englishman will *now* (he writes at the conclusion of the year 1795) honour that Person with such an Appellation, except the very few, who think the People of England and an English Mob, synonymous terms.

O D E IX.*

S E C U L A R.

NOVEMBER the Fifth, MDCCLXXXVIII.

I.

IT is not Age, creative Fancy's foe,
 Foe to the finer feelings of the soul,
 Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow :
 Scorning its chill controul,
 He, at the vernal morn of youth,
 Who breath'd, to Liberty and Truth,
 Fresh incense from his votive lyre,
 In life's autumnal eve, again
 Shall, at their shrine, resume the strain,
 And sweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.

II.

Warm to his own, and to his country's breast,
 Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have borne,
 And each, through all its varying seasons, blest
 By that auspicious morn,

N O T E.

* First published on the day of its date.

Which gilding NASSAU's patriot prow,
Gave Britain's anxious eye to know

The source whence now her blessings spring;
She saw him from that prow descend,

And, in the Hero, hail'd the Friend;

A name, when Britain speaks, that dignifies her KING.

III.

In solemn state she led him to the throne

Whence bigot zeal and lawless power had fled,
Where Justice fix'd the abdicated crown

On his victorious head.

Was there an angel in the sky,

That glow'd not with celestial joy,

When Freedom, in her native charms,

Descended from her throne of light,

On eagle plumes, to bless the rite,

Recall'd by Britain's voice, restor'd by NASSAU's arms.

IV.

Since then, triumphant on the car of time,

The sister years in gradual train have roll'd,

And seen the Goddess from her sphere sublime,

The sacred page unfold,

Inscrib'd by Her's and NASSAU's hands,
 On which the hallow'd charter stands,
 That bids Britannia's sons be free ;
 And, as they pass'd, each white-rob'd year
 Has sung to her responsive sphere,
 Hail to the charter'd rights of British Liberty !

V.

Still louder lift the soul-expanding strain,
 Ye future years ! while, from her starry throne
 Again she comes to magnify her reign,
 And make the world her own.
 Her fire e'en France presumes to feel,
 And half unsheaths the patriot steel,
 Enough the monarch to dismay,
 Whoe'er, with rebel pride, withdraws
 His own allegiance from the laws
 That guard the people's rights, that rein the sovereign's
 sway.

VI.

Hark ! how from either India's sultry bound,
 From regions girded by the burning zone,
 Her all-attentive ear, with sigh profound
 Has heard the captive moan :

Has

Has heard, and ardent in the cause
 Of all, that free by Nature's laws,
 The avarice of her sons enthralls ;
 She comes, by Truth and Mercy led,
 And, bending her benignant head,
 Thus on the seraph pair in suppliant strain she calls :

VII.

" Long have I lent to my Britannia's hands
 That trident which controuls the willing sea,
 And bade her circulate to distant lands
 Each bliss deriv'd from me.
 Shall then her Commerce spread the sail,
 For gain accurs'd, and court the gale,
 Her throne, her Sov'reign to disgrace ;
 Daring (what will not Commerce dare !)
 Beyond the ruthless waste of war,
 To deal destruction round, and thin the human race ?

VIII.

" Proclaim it not before th' eternal throne
 Of Him, the Sire of universal love ;
 But wait till all my sons your influence own,
 Ye envoys from above !

O wait, at this precarious hour,
 When in the pendent scale of power
 My rights and Nature's trembling lie;
 Do thou, sweet Mercy! touch the beam,
 Till lightly, as the feather'd dream,
 Ascends the earthly dross of selfish policy.

IX.

“Do thou, fair Truth! as did thy Master mild,
 Who, fill'd with all the power of godhead, came
 To purify the souls, by guilt defil'd,
 With Faith's celestial flame;
 Tell them, 'tis Heaven's benign decree
 That all, of Christian liberty
 The peace-inspiring gale should breathe.
 May then that nation hope to claim
 The glory of the Christian name,
 That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worse than death?”

X.

“Tell them, they vainly grace, with festive joy,
 The day that free'd them from Oppression's rod,
 At Slavery's mart who barter and who buy
 The image of their God.

But

But peace !—their conscience feels the wrong ;
 From Britain's congregated tongue,
 Repentant breaks the choral lay,
 " Not unto us, indulgent Heav'n,
 " In partial stream be Freedom given,
 " But pour her treasures wide, and guard with legal sway !"

ODE

O D E X.*

P A L I N O D I A.

I. 1.

SAY did I err, chaste Liberty!
 When warm with youthful fire,
 I gave the vernal fruits to thee
 That ripen'd on my Lyre?
 When, round thy twin-born Sisters † shrine,
 I taught the flowers of Verse to twine
 And blend in one their fresh perfume;
 Forbade them, vagrant and disjoin'd,
 To give to ev'ry wanton wind
 Their fragrance and their bloom?

I. 2.

Or did I err, when, free to chuse
 Mid fabling Fancy's themes,
 I led my voluntary Muse
 To groves and haunted streams;

N O T E S.

* Written in March, 1794, and now first printed.

† Independency, see Ode, vol. 1, p. 29.

Disdain'd

Disdain'd to take that gainful road,
Which many a courtly Bard had trod,
And aim'd but at self-planted bays?
I swept my Lyre, enough for me,
If what that Lyre might warble free
My free-born friends might praise.

I. 3.

And art thou mute? or does the Fiend that rides
Yon sulphurous Tube, by Tigers drawn,
Where seas of blood roll their increasing tides
Beneath his wheels while myriads groan,
Does he with voice of thunder make reply:
"I am the Genius of stern Liberty,
"Adore me as thy genuine choice;
"Know, where I hang with wreaths my sacred Tree,
"Power undivided, just Equality
"Are born at my creative voice?

II. 1

Avaunt, abhorr'd Democracy!
O for Ithuriel's spear!
To shew to Party's jaundic'd Eye
The Fiend she most should fear,

To

To turn her from th' infernal fight
To where array'd in robes of Light

True Liberty on Seraph wing
Descends to shed that Blessing rare,
Of equal Rights an equal share
To People, Peers, and King.*

II. 2.

To Her alone I rais'd my strain,
On her centennial Day,
Fearless that Age should chill the vein
She nourish'd with her ray.
And what, if glowing at the Theme,
Humanity in vivid dream,

Gave to my mind impatient Gaul
(Ah! flattering Dream, dismiss'd by fate
Too quickly thro' the Ivory Gate)
Freed from despotic Thrall?

II. 3.

When Ruin, heaving his gigantic Mace,
(Call'd to the deed by Reason's voice,)
Crush'd, proud Bastile! thy turrets to their base,
Was it not Virtue to rejoice?

N O T E.

* See English Garden, Book 4, v. 683, &c.

That

That Power alone, whose all-combining Eye
Beholds, what he ordains, Futurity ?

Could that tremendous Truth reveal,
That, ere six Suns had round the Zodiac roll'd
Their beams, astonished Europe should behold
All Gallia, one immense Bastile ? *

III. 1.

Is it not Virtue to repine

When thus transform'd the Scene ?

" Ah ! no," replied, in strain divine,

The heav'n-descending Queen.

And, as she sung, she shot a ray,

Mild as the orient dawn of May,

Enlight'ning while it calm'd my brain :

" Now purg'd, my Son ! from Error, own

" My blessings ne'er were meant to crown

" The Vicious, or the Vain.

III. 2.

" 'Tis only those, of purer clay †

" From sensual dross refin'd,

N O T E S.

* There were in the prisons of Paris alone, when this was written, above 6000 prisoners.

† Cui meliore Luto finxit præcordia Titan. So MILTON in his 12th Sonnet, speaking of Liberty, says, " But who loves that, must first be wise and good."

" In

" In whom the Passions pleas'd obey
 " The God within the mind, *
 " Who share my delegated aid,
 " Thro' Wisdom's golden mean convey'd
 " From the first source of Sov'reign Good :
 " All else to horrid licence tends,
 " Springs from vindictive Pride, and ends
 " In Anarchy and Blood.

III. 3.

" Had France possess a sober patriot band,
 " True to their own, and nation's weal,
 " Such as fair ALBION blest thy favor'd Land,
 " When NASSAU came thy rights to seal ;
 " She might—but why compare such wide extreams,
 " Why seek for Reason in delirious dreams ?
 " Rather consign to Exile and to Shame
 " Her coward Princes, her luxurious Peers,
 " Who fed the hell-born Hydra with their fears,
 " That now usurps my hallow'd Name.

N O T E.

* Mr. Pope uses this Platonic Phrase for Conscience.—
 See Essay on Man, Ep. 2, p. 204, with Warburton's note upon
 it, where the learned Critic says justly that it admits a double
 meaning.—It is in its latter Practical, or rather Christian
 Sense, that I here employ it, to convey the important Truth
 delivered by St. Paul, " where the Spirit of the Lord is,
 " there is Liberty."

E L E G I E S.

ELEGY I.

*Addressed to Miss PELHAM on the DEATH of her
FATHER*.*

DEIGN, mournful Maid, while o'er yon sacred Bier
Thy streaming Eyes with duteous Sorrows flow ;
Deign, mournful Maid, to lend a list'ning ear
To strains, that swell with sympathetic woe.

N O T E.

* He died March 6th, 1754. This Poem was presented to her soon after. At the very beginning of that month the Lady had been with a select Party at a small Villa in Chiswick, then rented by the Earl of HOLDERNESSE. The Author was, at the time, advised by several of his Friends, to publish it ; but an Ode, written by Mr. GARRICK on the same subject (see *Dodley's Miscellany*, vol. 4. page 198.) had got the start of him. He therefore retained it in manuscript, being by this time sufficiently apprized, that a Poem, whose merit rested chiefly on Picturesque Imagery, and what is termed pure (or mere) Poetry was not calculated to vie, in point of popularity, with what was written in a plainer and less figurative mode, and conveyed in a more familiar style and stanza.

VOL. III.

D

Attend

Attend that Muse, who late in happier hour

Heard thy soft voice its tuneful pow'rs employ,

Where D'ARCY call'd to Chiswick's social bower

Mild mirth, and polish'd ease, and decent joy.

How did bleak Winter smooth his rugged frown!

What genial Zephyrs fan'd each budding spray!

How glow'd the Sun, as if in haste to crown

The fallen brows of March with wreaths of May!

Ah! did we think, while on thy warbling strain

Our rapt attention hung with mute delight,

That fell disease, that agonizing pain,

That Death then sail'd upon the wings of night,

To strike that stroke, which not thy breast alone,

But ev'ry Briton's honest heart must rend,

At which a Nation's tears must join thy own,

And, whilst you wept a Father, weep a Friend?

Yet such th' irrevocable doom of Jove.

Let then that Muse, who shar'd thy happier hour,

Now lead thee pensive to the Cypress Grove,

Where Pansies spring, and each funeral flower.

There, while thy tender hand, his Grave to strew,

The modest Snow-drop's vernal silver bears,

The Violet sad of pallid purple hue,

The Crocus glist'ning with the morn's first tears;

My

My bolder arm shall crop the Laureat shade ;

By me the Olive and the Palm be borne,
And from the British Oak's majestic head
A civic wreath for his illustrious Urn.

But see ! while in the solemn task we join,

Soft gleams of lustre tremble through the grove,
And sacred airs of minstrelsy divine

Are harp'd around, and flutt'ring pinions move.
Ah, hark ! a voice, to which the vocal rill,

The Lark's extatic harmony is rude ;
Distant it swells with many a holy trill,

Now breaks wide warbling from yon orient cloud !

" Rise, Patriot Shade, on Seraph wing upborn !

" Behold we waft thee to the Realms of rest !

" Glory is thine, and Heav'n's eternal morn ;

" Ascend and share thy blessings with the blest.

" Whoe'er on Earth, with conscious honor dar'd

" Beyond the flight of these inglorious days,

" Lords of themselves, here find their bright reward ;

" And these shall crown thee with congenial rays.

" Whoe'er, thro' private life's domestic scene,

" Taught social Love to spread its chearful reign,

" Friends of mankind, here bathe in joys serene,

" And these shall hail thee 'mid their gentle train.

" The few, who bright with Public Virtue shone,
 " Who shot the beams of Peace from Land to Land,
 " Fathers of Countries, round the Sapphire Throne
 " Shall bow, and welcome PELHAM to their band,
 " Rise Patriot Shade ! on Seraph wing upborn,
 " Behold we waft thee to the realms of rest !
 " Glory is thine, and Heav'n's eternal morn ;
 " Ascend and share thy Blessings with the blest !^a

ELEGY.

E L E G Y II.

Written in a CHURCH-YARD in SOUTH WALES,

1787.*

FROM southern Cambria's richly-varied clime,
 Where Grace and Grandeur share an equal reign;
 Where cliffs o'erhung with shade, and hills sublime
 Of mountain lineage sweep into the main;
 From bays, where Commerce furls her wearied sails,
 Proud to have dar'd the dangers of the deep,
 And floats at anchor'd ease inclos'd by vales,
 To Ocean's verge where stray the vent'rous sheep:
 From brilliant scenes like these I turn my eye;
 And, lo! a solemn circle meets its view,

N O T E .

* A custom is prevalent with the Peasants in that part of the Country of planting field flowers and sweet herbs on the graves of their relations and friends; a pleasing specimen of this which the Author saw when he was paying a visit to Lord VERNON at Breton Ferry, Glamorganshire, in the summer of the year, 1787, occasioned him to write this Elegy; now for the first time published.

Wall'd to protect inhum'd Mortality,
 And shaded close with poplar and with yew.
 Deep in that dell the humble Fane appears,
 Whence Prayers if humble best to Heaven aspire ;
 No Tower embattled, no proud spire it rears,
 A moss-grown croset decks its lowly choir.
 And round that Fane the Sons of Toil repose,
 Who drove the plough-share, or the sail who spread ;
 With Wives, with Children, all in measur'd rows,
 Two whiten'd flint stones mark the feet and head. .
 While these between full many a simple flow'r,
 Pansy, and Pink, with languid beauty smile ;
 The Primrose opening at the twilight hour,
 And velvet tufts of fragrant Chamomile.
 For, more intent the smell than sight to please,
 Surviving Love selects its vernal race ;
 Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze
 May best each dank and noxious vapour chase,
 The flaunting Tulip, the Carnation gay,
 Turnsole, and Piony, and all the train
 That love to glitter in the noontide ray,
 Ill suit the copse where Death and Silence reign.
 Not but perchance, to deck some Virgin's tomb,
 Where Violets sweet their twofold purple spread,

Some Rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom,
 Or with'ring hang its emblematic head.
 These to renew, with more than annual care
 That wakeful Love with pensive step will go;
 The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear
 Lest haply it disturb the Friend below.
 Vain Fear! for never shall Disturber come
 Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,
 Till the dread Herald to the Day of Doom
 Pours from his Trump the world-dissolving sound.
 Vain Fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
 An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
 They only who are curst with breasts of steel
 Can mock the foibles of surviving love.
 Those foibles far beyond cold Reason's claim
 Have power the social Charities to spread;
 They feed, sweet Tendernefs! thy lambent flame,
 Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.
 Its chemic aid a gradual heat applies
 That from the dross of self each wish refines,
 Extracts the liberal spirit, bids it rise
 Till with primæval purity it shines.
 Take then, poor Peasants, from the friend of GRAY
 His humbler praise; for GRAY or fail'd to see,

Or saw unnotic'd, what had wak'd a lay
 Rich in the pathos of true poesy.
 Yes, had he pac'd this church-way path along,
 Or lean'd like me against this Ivied wall,
 How sadly sweet had flow'd his Dorian Song,
 Then sweetest when it flow'd at Nature's call.
 Like Tadmor's King, his comprehensive mind
 Each plant's peculiar character could seize;
 And hence his moralizing * Muse had join'd,
 To all these flow'rs, a thousand families.
 But He alas! in distant village-grave
 Has mix'd with dear maternal dust his own;
 Ev'n now the pang, which parting Friendship gave,
 Thrills at my heart, and tells me he is gone.
 Take then from me the pensive strain that flows
 Congenial to this consecrated gloom;
 Where all that meets my eye some symbol shows
 Of grief, like mine, that lives beyond the tomb,

N O T E.

* This Epithet is used to call to the Reader's recollection a passage in Shakespear, descriptive of a Character to which in its best parts Mr. Gray's was not dissimilar.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?

Did he not *moralize* this Spectacle?

First Lord. O yes, into a thousand Similies.

As you like it. Act 2. Scene 1.

Shows

Shows me that you, though doom'd the livelong year

For scanty food the toiling arm to ply,

Can smite your breasts, and find an inmate there

To heave, when Mem'ry bids, the ready sigh.

Still nurse that best of inmates, gentle swains!

Still act as heartfelt sympathy inspires;

The taste, which Birth from Education gains,

Serves but to chill Affection's native fires.

To you more knowledge than what shields from vice

Were but a gift would multiply your cares;

Of matter and of mind let Reasoners nice

Dispute; be Patience yours, Presumption theirs.

You know (what more can earthly Science know?)

That all must die; by Revelation's ray

Illum'd, you trust the Ashes placed below

These flow'ry tufts, shall rise again to Day.

What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,

To you perchance devolv'd from Druids old,

That parted Souls at solemn seasons tread

The circles that their shrines of clay enfold?

What if you deem they some sad pleasure take

These poor memorials of your love to view,

And scent the perfume for the planter's sake,

That breathes from vulgar Rosemary and Rue?

Unfeeling

Unfeeling Wit may scorn, and Pride may frown ;

Yet Fancy, empress of the realms of song,
Shall bless the decent mode, and Reason own

It may be right—for who can prove it wrong ? *

N O T E.

* Although I run the risque of some imputed vanity, I am induced to add here, the opinion of a too partial Friend concerning the foregoing Poem; but shall only extract from the written paper which he gave me, the part that points out the specific differences which occurred to him when he compared it with another of a very similar title. And this I do merely to obviate a prejudice which some readers might take to it, as supposing from the title and subject that I wrote it to emulate what I am as ready to own as they are is *inimitable*. “ Your Elegy (says this Gentleman) as it relates to
“ a particular and local custom in South Wales, must of
“ course little resemble Mr. GRAY’s, which is purely of
“ a general kind. He laments the departed Peasants;
“ you compassionate those that lament *them*: He places
“ their former occupations in an honourable light; you view,
“ in an amiable one, the weakness of their surviving Friends:
“ In the former Elegy we find the Dead considered with
“ respect to what their possible situation while living might
“ have been, with all the advantages of knowledge; in the
“ latter the living are endeavoured to be consoled for the
“ want of it. In the general Church-yard of the one, Con-
“ templation is more widely extended; in the other particular
“ one, Concern is more nearly impressed. His verses inspire
“ a solemnity which awes and arrests the mind; your’s breathe
“ a tenderness which softens and attracts the heart: There
“ are stanzas in GRAY’s Elegy of what, I venture to call,
“ sublime melancholy; in your’s of extreme sensibility.—
“ It is a curious circumstance that the Writer of the former
“ should be introduced into both these Elegies, but certainly,

“ as

"as reality is superior to fiction, in a more pathetic manner
 "in the latter. The locality of your scene enabled you to
 "open with a picturesque description, which, besides contrast-
 "ing strongly with the place of interment, is copied from
 "nature, and animated with expression."—I will add that it
 was not so much for the sake of this kind of contrast that
 I gave the Elegy such an exordium, as to make it appear a
 day scene and as such to contrast it with the *twilight* scene of
 my excellent Friend's Elegy.

SONNETS.

SONNETS

SONNETS.

SONNET

TO THE LADY OF DORSET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE SONNETS

OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

JOHN J. GREGG

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

THE EDITOR

AND

AFTERWORD

BY

THE EDITOR

AND

AFTERWORD

SONNET I.*

Sent to a YOUNG LADY with DODSLEY's

MISCELLANIES.

WHILE Age and Avarice, with malignant eye,
Forbid gay Hymen rob'd in saffron train,
With glitt'ring torch to lead thee to the fane,
Where Love awaits to bind the nuptial tye ;
To sooth thy cares a group of Muses fly,
Warbling from varied Lyres a varied strain.
Verse has an opiate charm for am'rous pain,
And spells, like magic, lurk in minstrelsy.
With these conjoin'd accept this friendly lay,
Which truth inspires, and pure affection warms,
From Him, who saw thy infant bloom display
What now, in full maturity of charms,
Expands, to crown the long-expected day
That yields those beauties to a Husband's arms.

N O T E.

* Written in the year 1748, and now first printed.

SONNET

SONNET II.*

*Presented to a FRIEND on the Morning of his
MARRIAGE.*

NO, thou resplendent Sun ! thy orient ray
 Shall not in silence to its height ascend ;
 Thou com'st, thus rob'd in lustre, to attend
 On social BAGNAL † this auspicious day,
 When Youth, Wealth, Innocence, and Beauty gay
 Prepare to crown the virtues of my Friend.
 Patron of Light and Verse ! thyself shall lend
 A beam of Inspiration to my Lay,
 Which, while it sings the merits of his mind
 Where true Benevolence still active glows,
 And native sense with sterling Science join'd,
 And Honor firm alike to words and vows,
 Proclaims, that in her choice His Bride shall find
 Through life, the Friend, the Lover, and the Spouse.

NOTES.

* Written in London, 1752, and now first printed.

† JOHN BAGNAL, Esq; then a Student in the Temple.

SONNET

SONNET III.

AUGUST 1773.

"A H! why," cries Prudence, "turn thy wayward feet
 "From scenes congenial to each spruce Divine?
 "See, how they flutter round Preferment's shrine
 "With scarfe so rustling, and with band so neat!
 "Blest with such Brethren and their converse sweet,
 "Like them politely pray, devoutly dine."
 Pardon me, Dame; for Competence benign
 (Heav'n-sent at last) now favours my retreat,
 Leads me to where Content sedately gay,
 Her favorite sister, my free step attends:
 Hark! she repeats the Pontic Exile's lay,*
 Bids me enjoy the boon, kind Fortune lends,
 Of Envy void, while Time slides soft away,
 And from my Equals only cull my Friends.

NOTE.

*Vive sine Invidiâ, mollesq; inglorius annos
 Exige, amicitias et tibi junge Parcs.

Ovid Trist. Lib. 3. Eleg. 4. P. 42.

SONNET IV.

*To the Right Reverend the Bishop of LICHFIELD and
COVENTRY, prefixed to the Dramatic Poem of CA-
RACTACUS, when altered for Stage Representation.*

STILL let my HURD a smile of candour lend
To Scenes, that dar'd on Grecian pinions tow'r,
When, "in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower,"*
He prais'd the strain, because he lov'd the friend :
There golden Leisure did his steps attend,
Nor had the rare, yet well-weigh'd, call of Power
To those high cares decreed his watchful hour,
On which fair Albion's future hopes depend.†
A Fate unlook'd-for waits my friend and me ;
He pays to Duty what was Learning's claim,
Resigning classic ease for dignity ;
I yield my Muse to Fashion's praise or blame :
Yet still our hearts in this great truth agree,
That Peace alone is bliss, and Virtue fame.

ASTON, Nov. 12, 1776.

NOTES.

* See the conclusion of the 3d Elegy, page 54 of the First Volume of these Poems.

† He was then Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

SONNET

SONNET V.

To a very young PAINTER.

WHEN Genius first on Attic walls display'd
 His imitative powers, four simple hues
 Were all that great Apelles design'd to use : *
 With these combin'd he to each eye convey'd,
 By magic force of colouring light and shade,
 His miracles of Grace ; while every Muse
 Attun'd her lyre, impatient to diffuse
 His fame in vivid verse, that scorns to fade :
 These then, ingenuous Boy, alone prepare ;
 From these all nature's tints arrange with care ;
 With these produce each shadow, light, and line,
 And, while they all thy mix'd attention share,
 Chastely to paint, correctly to design,
 Deem but one art, and let that art be thine.

NOTE.

* See Plinii Nat. Hist. l. 35. cap. 15. the pigments he enumerates were Black, White, Yellow, and Red, as appears from the following passage " Quatuor coloribus solis immor-
 " talia opera illa fecere ; ex albis, Melino ; ex filaccis, Attico ;

"ex rubris, Sinopide Pontica; ex nigris, Atramento:"
 APOLLES, Echion, Melanthius, Nicomachus, Clarissimi Pic-
 tores; quum tabulæ eorum singulæ Oppidorum venirent
 opibus.

The authority of my late excellent friend Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS fully supports the latter piece of advice, who in his second Discourse to the Pupils of the Royal Academy (see Page 54, octavo edition) says, "What there-
 fore I wish to impress upon you is this, that whenever an
 opportunity offers you may paint your studies instead of
 drawing them. This will give you such a facility in using
 colours, that they will arrange themselves under the pencil,
 even without the attention of the hand that conducts it. If
 one Art excluded the other, this advice could not with any
 propriety be given; but if Painting comprizes both Drawing
 and Colouring, and if by a short struggle of resolute industry
 the same expedition is attainable in Painting, as in Drawing
 on Paper, I cannot see what objection can justly be made to
 the practice, or why that should be done in parts, which
 may be done altogether."

Let me add from myself, that I suspect the use of a multiplicity of pigments, and the prohibition of the pencil (hereafter to be the Artist's principal instrument) till the portcrayon has been first long and sedulously employed, have frequently been great impediments to the progress of young Artists, especially of those who are endowed by nature with an inventive faculty.

SONNET

['69]

SONNET VI.

FEBRUARY 23, 1795.

ANNIVERSARY.

A Plaintive Sonnet flow'd from MILTON's pen,
When Time had stol'n his three and twentieth year : *
Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear,
Robb'd by the thief of threescore years and ten ?
No ! for the foes of all life-lengthen'd men,
Trouble and toil, † approach not yet too near ;
Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear
Hold unimpair'd their weak, yet wonted reign :
Still round my shelter'd lawn I pleas'd can stray ;
Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring :
BEING OF BEINGS ! Yes, that silent lay,
Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire Throne shall Faith convey,
And Hope, the Cherub of unwearied wing.

NOTES.

* Alluding to the 7th Sonnet of MILTON, beginning,
" How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth, &c."

† See Psalm xc. Ver. 10.

SONNET VII.

FEBRUARY 23, 1796.

ANNIVERSARY.

IN the long course of seventy years and one,
 Oft have I known on this, my natal day,
 Hoar frost and sweeping snow prolong their sway,
 The wild winds whistle, and the forests groan;
 But now spring's smile has veil'd stern winter's frown,
 And now the birds on ev'ry budding spray
 Chaunt orisons, as to the morn of May:
 With them all fear of season's change is flown;
 Like them I sing, yet not, like them beguil'd,
 Expect the vernal bloom of youth to know:
 But, tho' such hope be from my breast exil'd,
 I feel warm Piety's superior glow,
 And as my winter, like the year's, is mild,
 Give praise to HIM, from whom all mercies flow.

SONNET

SONNET VIII.

*To the Bishop of WORCESTER, sent to him with the
preceding SONNET.*

WHAT! when the step of even-footed time
Has led me one and seventy years along,

Dare I attempt a second birth-day song,
And bid it tinkle in Petrarchian chime?

Shall I, impeded by the knots of rhyme,

Venture to shoot the warp of verse among

My blunted shuttle? be it right or wrong,

I'll try, yet keep from pathos or sublime;

For HURD, the critic of my youthful lay,

And yet Right Reverend Cenfor, crys "Forbear!

"Age should avoid, like Infancy, to play

"With pointed tools; a Sonnet once a year,

"Or so, my nod permits thee to essay."

Duteous I bow, yet think the doom severe.

ASTON, Feb. 23, 1796.

SONNET IX.

*Occasioned by a late Attack on the present Taste of
ENGLISH GARDENS.*

WHEN two Arcadian * Squires in Rhyme and Prose
Prick'd forth to spout that *dilettanti* lore,
Their *Ciceronis* long had threadbare wore,
TASTE from his polish'd lawn indignant rose,
And cry'd, "as Pedants are true Learning's foes,
"So, when true Genius ventures to restore
"To Nature, scenes that Fashion marr'd before,
"These travell'd *Cognoscenti* interpose
"And prate of PICTURESQUENESS,†—Let them prate,
"While to my genuine Votaries I assign
"The pleasing task from her too rustic state
"To lead the willing Goddess; to refine,
"But not transform, her charms, and at her shrine
"Bid Use with Elegance obsequious wait."

NOTES.

* This epithet is rather hazarded, but if they be not *Passeri D'Arcadi*, they ought to be so, for they are most certainly Arcades Ambo.

† Had Dr. JOHNSON heard this word used, he would certainly have said, "Sir, the term is *cacophonous*."

SONNET

SONNET X,

*To a GRAVEL WALK,**Relative to the preceding Subject.*

SMOOTH, simple Path! whose undulating line,
 With sidelong tufts of flow'ry fragrance crown'd,
 "Plain in its neatness," * spans my garden ground;
 What, tho' two acres thy brief course confine,
 Yet sun and shade, and hill and dale are thine,
 And use with beauty here more surely found,
 Than where, to spread the Picturesque around,
 Cart ruts and quarry holes their charms combine! †
 Here, as thou lead'st my step thro' lawn or grove,
 Liberal tho' limited, restrain'd tho' free,
 Fearless of dew, or dirt, or dust, I rove,
 And own those comforts, all deriv'd from thee!
 Take then, smooth Path, this tribute of my love,
 Thou emblem pure of legal Liberty!

ASTON, Nov. 27, 1795.

NOTES.

* A phrase that MILTON uses to express *simplex munditiis*.
 See his Translation of Hor. Ode 5. L. I. Mr. T. WARTON,
 in his edition of MILTON's Poems, criticises the expression.
 It is however MILTON's, and, if it does not fully express
 HORACE's meaning, seems to serve my purpose perfectly.

† See Mr. PRICE's Description of a Picturesque Lane.

SONNET

SONNET XI.

*Occasioned by a Didactic POEM on the Progress of
CIVIL SOCIETY.*

OLD as I am, I yet have powers to sneer
At him, who dares debase the gold of Gray
With his vile dross, and by such base alloy,
Hope to buy off the critic's frown severe;
Him too, whose page e'erwhile had dar'd appear
With shameless front the symbols to display
Of Pagan rites obscene, and thence convey
Shame to each Eye, profaneness to each Ear.
Methinks, thro' Fancy's tube, my Friend I spy
Thron'd on a cloud in yon ætherial plain,
"Smiling in scorn;" methinks, I hear him cry,
"Prosaic Poetaster, cease to drain
"The filthy dregs of Epicurus' sty;
"They shall not mix with my nectareous strain!" *

NOTE.

* What Mr. GRAY thought and writ (see his *Detached Thoughts*, printed in his *Memoirs*, Vol. 3. Page 113. last edition) gives complete authority to this *Protopopæia*.

"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society. It had its rise when Greece was declining, and, perhaps, hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome. It is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effects in both." May Heaven avert, at least, the latter part of this presentiment formed above forty years ago!

EPITAPHS

SONNET XI

Composed by a Disaffected Poet on the Progress of
Civil Society.

OLD as I am, I yet have powers to meet
At him, who does not deem it necessary
With his strong and by his powerful

EPITAPHS

Hope to buy off the critic's frown
Him too, whose page elsewhere had dar'd appear
With flames from the typograph to display
Of Pagan rites obscene, and hence convey

AND

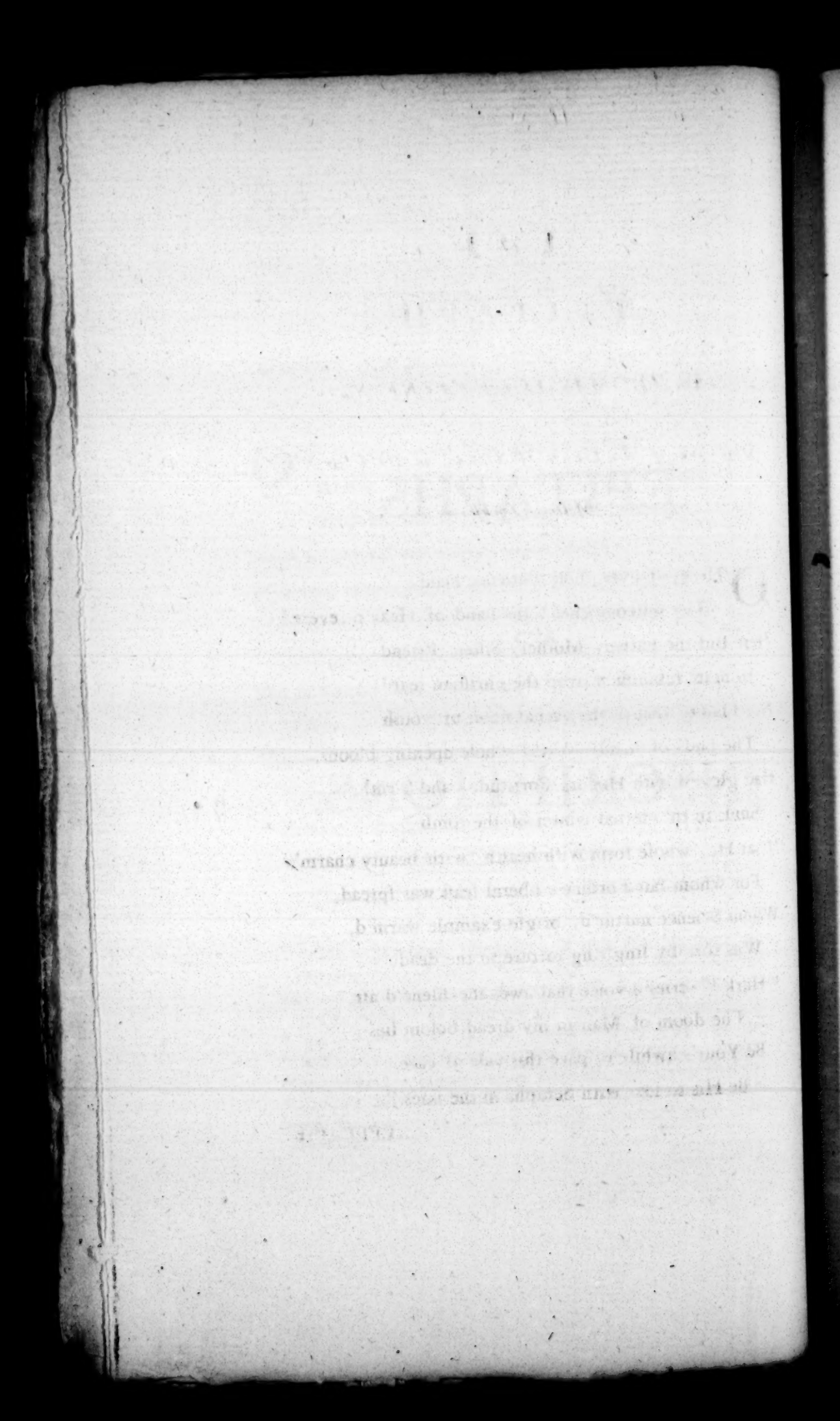
Shame to each Rye, profane to each
Methinks, thro' Parnassus' vale, my friend I spy
Thron'd on a cloud in yon ethereal plain

INSCRIPTIONS.

"The filthy dregs of Epicurus' fly;
They shall not mix with my nectarous strain!"

* What Mr. Goss thought and writ (see his Detached
Thoughts, printed in his Memoirs, Vol. 3. Page 113. 1st
edition) gives complete authority to this Epitaph.
"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society."
"had its rise when Greece was declining, and, perhaps,
"hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome. It is now
"propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to
"produce the same effects in both." May Heaven avert, as
"near, the latter part of this predicament formed above forty
years ago."

EPITAPH



E P I T A P H

On THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, Esq;

Only Son of the DEAN of YORK, in the Church of

Melton, Yorkshire.

O Here, if ever, holy Patience bend
 Thy duteous knee! the hand of Heav'n reverse!
 Here bid the Father, Mother, Sister, Friend
 In mute submission drop the christian tear!
 Nor blame, that in the vernal noon of youth
 The buds of manly worth, whose opening bloom
 Had glow'd with Honor, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Sunk in th' eternal winter of the tomb:
 That He, whose form with health, with beauty charm'd,
 For whom fair Fortune's liberal feast was spread,
 Whom Science nurtur'd, bright example warm'd,
 Was torn by ling'ring torture to the dead.
 "Hark!" cries a voice that awes the silenc'd air,
 "The doom of Man in my dread bosom lies;
 "Be Your's awhile to pace this vale of care,
 "Be His to soar with Seraphs in the skies."

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H *

On LANCELOT BROWN, Esq;

In the Church of Fen-Stanton, Huntingdonshire.

YE Sons of Elegance! who truly taste
 The simple charms which genuine Art supplies,
 Come from the sylvan scenes his Genius grac'd,
 And offer here your tributary sighs:
 But know, that more than Genius slumbers here;
 Virtues were his, that Art's best powers transcend:
 Come, ye superior Train! who these revere,
 And weep the Christian, Husband, Father, Friend!

N O T E.

* This and the foregoing Epitaph, with some others in the First Volume, come under that stricture, which Dr. JOHNSON has imposed on several of Mr. POPE's. The Author knows, but despises it. Personal appellatives in Greek appear gracefully in the Anthologia. In English Poetry they almost constantly induce an air of vulgarity. That species of criticism, therefore, which either in the verse or prose of any language militates against what HORACE calls its *Jus et norma Loquendi*, he holds to be futile. Besides this, when, on a monumental tablet, a Prose inscription precedes (as is ever the modern mode) the Verses, why should these be loaded with any unnecessary repetition?

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIPTION

On a Tripod to the Memory of
WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq; P. L.

In the Pleasure Ground of Earl HARCOURT, Newnam,
Oxfordshire.

HARCOURT and Friendship this memorial rais'd
 Near to the Oak, where Whitehead oft reclin'd;
 Where all that Nature, rob'd by Art, displays

With charms congenial foorth'd his polish'd mind.
 Let Fashion's Votaries, let the Sons of Fire

The Genius of that modest Bard despise,
 Who bad Discretion regulate his Lyre,

Studious to please, yet scorning to surprize.

Enough for Him if those, who thar'd his love
 Thro' life, who Virtue more than Verse revere,
 Here pensive pause, when circling round the Grove,
 And drop the heart-paid tribute of a tear.

N O T E.

* Alluding to an expression of his in his Charge to the
 Poets, which excited the rancour of CHURCHILL, LOYD, &c.
 See Memoirs of his Life, Page 108.

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIPTION

Under a Picture of the EDITOR of SHAKSPEAR'S

MANUSCRIPTS, 1796.

PARODY.

FOUR Forgers, born in one prolific age,
 Much critical *acumen* did engage.
 The First was soon by doughty Douglas scar'd,
 Tho' Johnson would have screen'd him, had he dar'd ;
 † The Next had all the cunning of a Scot ;
 ‡ The Third invention, genius—nay, what not ?
 FRAUD, now exhausted, only could dispense
 To her fourth Son, their three-fold impudence.

NOTES.

* When LAUDER first produced his forgery respecting MILTON, Dr. JOHNSON ushered it into the world by a preface, and afterwards writ LAUDER's recantation. Some of his numerous Biographers have endeavoured to prove the Doctor no party concerned ; however this be, the virulence he afterwards shewed to MILTON in the Life which he writ of him for the Booksellers, leads fairly to support my assertion that he would have defended LAUDER, had he been in any sort defensible.

† The Translator of Fingal, Temora, &c.

‡ The Discoverer and Transcriber of ROWLEY's Poems.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

Vol. III.

F

THE
BIRTH OF FASHION:

AN EPISTOLARY TALE.

*Written in the year 1746, and sent to a LADY with
HOLLAR'S HABITS OF ENGLISH WOMEN, published in the former Century 1650.*

I With this Verse may chance to come
Just as you drefs for Rout, or Drum ;
If so, while Betty at your back
Or pins your Gown,* or folds your Sacque,
Dear Madam, let me beg you place
These Prints between yourself and glafs,

N O T E.

* The phrase at the time was *pinning a Lady's tail*; but the young Author was then too delicate to use it: and happy it was he did not; for the present nicer age would have thought him as indelicate as Lord MONBODDO. However an excellent anecdote related of Mrs. RUSSEL, Bedchamber Woman to the late Princess AMELIA, which is by many remembered (though not here related) will vindicate the authenticity of what was then the usual phrase to express the adjustment of a most material part of a Lady's Dress.

To see the change in female dress
 Made in a hundred years, or less.
 "Sure, Sir, our Grandames all were mad !
 "What vulgar airs the creatures had !
 "The awkward Things—not half a waist ;
 "And that all frightfully unlac'd —
 "O monstrous ! what a shocking taste ? *
 Just so indeed I did surmise
 You would not fail to criticise ;
 Yet still I cannot help conceiving,
 If one of these good Dames was living
 And saw that five-yard Hoop around ye,
 Her shrewd reflexions might confound ye :

But whatfoe'er her thoughts might be,
 They'd have but little weight with me ;
 For I opine, 'tis clear as light,
Whatever is in dress is right ;

N O T E.

* What a strange objection is here put into the Lady's mouth ! she finds fault with the women in Charles the First's time for having only half a waist ; when every body knows, that to have no waist at all is the true criterion of female elegance. As to lacing, who now could imitate the Venus de Medicis, or any other fine antique, that admitted so gothic a ligament ?

The

The present is the test of Taste,
 And awkward ey'ry thing that's past :
 Thus we dislike, observe the proof,
 Both Anna's flounce, and Bessie's ruff;
 Yet there's a time the Muse pronounces,
 When Hoops shall be like ruffs and flounces.

For in an uniform progression
 Each mode a moment takes possession
 Of Beauty's throne, and fills the place,
 Attended by each Charm and Grace ;
 Yet, when depos'd by some new fashion,
 The Charms and Graces keep their station,
 And on the next thron'd whimzy wait
 With all the self-same form and state,
 So, at Culloden's furious fray
 Had Charly's broad swords won the day,

N O T E.

* Part of the Prophecy seems to have been fulfilled, so far at least as *flarbed* Ruffs go, though the Male (I rather call them so than the Masculine) followers of Fashion have found a mode of adding to the size of their own necks not quite so picturesque ; and the Ladies have, occasionally in their morning dishabilles, condescended to imitate them. As to flounces they have extended their dominion even to Bed Curtains and Hangings of Rooms : This, I suppose, out of charity to the Insect tribe, for whom they afford a general and most convenient Nidus.

F 3

Which,

Which, Heav'n be thank'd, was not the case,
 Some Statesmen still had kept their place,
 And many Wights, I name no names,
 Who swore to George, had sworn to James. *

'This granted, it no longer strange is,
 'That Fashions in their various changes,
 'Tho' e'er so odd, and out o'the way,
 Should reign with universal sway.
 For why—Whatever mode takes place
 'Tis just the same in point of grace.
 A Tale like Prior, or Fontaine
 Will make the thing extremely plain.

Cyprus was once, the Learn'd agree,
 The Vauxhall of Antiquity :
 Her myrtle groves, and laurel shades
 Echo'd with constant serenades,
 And Grecian Belles, that look'd as pretty,
 And mov'd as graceful as Auretti, †

N O T E S.

* This bold assertion, I take for granted, was made merely on hear say evidence. Readers at the present time will be best able to judge whether that evidence was founded on truth.

† A celebrated Opera Dancer then in vogue.

With

With Grecian Beaus the live-long day,
 Or led the Dance, or tun'd the Lay.
 Blest place! and how could it be other,
 Where all were rul'd by Cupid's Mother?

Nay, 'tis affirm'd, the Queen in person
 Would oft partake of the diversion;
 But then incog, for fear of scandal,
 And lest her pranks might give a handle
 To Pallas, and such four old Maids;
 So when she visited the shades,
 She wisely laid aside the Goddeſs,
 And dress'd in round-ear'd Cap and Boddice.*

One day thus masqu'd, she took her way
 Along the Margin of the Sea,
 Where in a Creek (convenient spot)
 The Sea-Nymphs had contriv'd a Grot.

N O T E.

* I suspect that the young Author now, and before in this Epistle, took his idea of female shape and beauty from Fielding's Description of Fanny in his Adventures of Joseph Andrews; an idea, which, compared with what it is now, was in that author as absurd, as in himself.

As here she sat, and humm'd a song,
 She saw a Boat row smooth along,
 Ah! what a lovely freight it bore!
 A Youth of eighteen years, or more,
 Whose polish'd brow, and rosy cheek,
 Love-glitt'ning eye, and graceful neck,
 With locks, that wanton'd in the wind,
 Brought all Adonis to her mind!
 Yet not like that rough Woman-hater;
 No, he was half a Petit Maitre;
 For dress improv'd his native bloom
 Dress fit for any drawing-room,
 All Tyrian silk, and silver tissue.

Well, he arriv'd, and mark the issue—
 He bow'd, saluted, prais'd the dame,
 Said civil things, confess'd his flame.
 She chose to go—He beg'd she'd stay;
 But beg'd with such a winning way,
 Was all so pressing, and so fervent,
 So much her poor expiring servant,
 That, need I say, he won the Dame.
 Here, Muse, to give no cause for blame,

We'll

We'll drop the curtain, and agree
To sing a harmless *Hymenée*.

O! shower, ye crimson Roses, shower
Perfumes ambrosial where they lie,
With clouds of fragrance veil the bower,
Thick veil from each intruding eye.
Blow soft, ye Zephyrs

——— Hark a noise!

What malice interrupts their joys?
O! Heav'ns! the darling Youth is fled:
She grasps a Meteor in his stead.
A Lion pawing o'er the plain,
Now "rampant shakes his brindled Mane,"
And now a stream meand'ring laves
The golden sand, now joins the Waves.*
What shall affrighted Venus do?
The Youth was Proteus; see him now

N O T E.

* Though I do not find it on the margin of the original MS. the Author had an eye to Virgil in the peculiar changes the mock Lover employs.

—— Ille suæ contra non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque horribilem Feram, Fluviumque liquentem.

Georg. Lib. 4. Ver. 440.

Resume

Resume his form Marine again,
And rise from out the circling main,
Encircled with his scaly train !

“ ’Tis not,” he cry’d and archly smil’d,
“ The first good time you’ve been beguil’d,
“ So, lovely Goddess, wipe your eye,
“ And listen to my Prophecy :
“ Know, ’tis decreed, you soon shall bear
“ A Daughter, preordain’d to share
“ The various Powers we have between us,
“ And change like Proteus, please like Venus :
“ With Gods she’ll have some hard Greek name,
“ But *Fashion* men will call the dame.”

This said, he plung’d beneath the flood ;
The Goddess prudently thought good
To hush the matter up, and hie
To private Lodgings in the Sky,
And oft, tho’ Juno beg’d she’d come
To Mount Olympus to her drum, *

N O T E.

* This is the second time we meet with this obsolete word, yet it will serve with many others in the Poem to ascertain its exact chronology.

Yet

Yet she refus'd; would ne'er be seen,
But had the Head-ach, Nerves, and Spleen *

I doubt if any modern knows
How many months a Goddess goes;
But 'tis enough, the reck'ning ended,
The Babe was born, the mother mended:
Nor shall I spend much vain description
To shew she hit her Sire's prediction;
For to a Lady learn'd as you
All History will prove it true:
Yet if you had but less discerning,
The Muse might here shew monstrous Learning;
Describe in Greece what tricks she play'd,
And how she taught each Spartan maid
To shew her legs (ingenious thought)
By well-chose flits in petticoat,
Which, did she run, or dance, or stoop,
Reveal'd as much as any hoop.
Then might she soar on Roman wing,
Of Stola and of Palla sing;
With critic nicety explore
What kind of Hoods their Matrons wore;

N O T E.

* Spleen—another obsolete word. *Nerves* however obtains still most vehemently, though, perhaps, it may in time give place to Spasms, whatever the Author of *Zoonomia* may say of their non-existence.

How

How broad Lucretia's Tucker spread ;
 How Ovid's Julia drefs'd her head,
 And better ascertain these matters,
 Than all the herd of Commentators.
 Next might she by due steps advance
 To modern scenes ; and first to France :
 France is her Citadel, and there
 The Goddess keeps her Arms and Car.*
 And thence she sends her vice-roy apes
 To form our uncouth English shapes.
 Here Pegasus might run his race
 O'er Mecklin, and o'er Bruffels Lace :
 Here might he take Pindaric bounces
 O'er floods of Furbelows and Flounces ;
 Gallop on Lutestring plains, invade
 The thick-wove Groves of rich Brocade,
 And leap o'er Whale-bone's stiff barrier.†
 —But here I bridle his career,
 And sagely think it more expedient
 To sign myself your most obedient.

N O T E S.

- * Here the Boy pedant comes again from his Virgil with
 — Hic illius arma
 Hic Currus fuit. *Æn.* L. I. V. 20.

† Whale-bone and Brocade equally exploded articles.

Il Bellicoso.

HENCE, dull lethargic Peace ;
 Born in some hoary Beadsmān's cell obscure,
 Or in Circean bower,
 Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease.
 Hie to congenial climes ;
 Prolong some Eastern Tyrant's downy reign,
 Or on Italian Plain,
 Mid citron shades and myrtle-vested bow'rs,
 Lull thine ambrosial hours,
 And wed enervate trills to tinkling rhymes.
 But rouse, thou God, by Furies drest
 In helm with terror-plumed crest,

N O T E.

* This very juvenile imitation of the Allegro and Penseroso of MILTON, and that which follows it were written some time previous to that of the Lycidas. (see Poem I. Vol. I.) A copy of the above was many years ago surreptitiously printed in a Magazine, and afterwards inserted in PERCHE's Miscellany. On this account, I thought it right to revise and now publish it. The counter-part to it was, with my assent, first printed in the Cambridge Verses on the Peace of Aix la Chappelle; and stands here as it did formerly.

In

In adamantine steel bedight,
 Glitt'ring formidably bright,
 With step unfixt, and aspect wild,
 Jealous Juno's raging child,
 Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,
 By touch of rare * Olenian flower.
 Oft the Goddess figh'd in vain,
 Envyng Jove's prolific brain,
 And oft old Ocean heard her moan,
 Bending from his coral throne ;
 At length thro' Flora's groves she stray'd,
 Kind Flora lent her fragrant aid ;
 Then fruitful grown, her Ivory Car
 With harness'd Peacocks cut the air,
 And circling wide Propontis round,
 She lands at length on Thracian ground ;
 There teems thee forth, of nervous mould,
 Haughty, sanguine, fierce, and bold ;
 Names thee Mars, and bids thee call
 The world from Pleasure's filken thrall.

N O T E.

* So called from Olenas a City in Peloponesus, where according to Ovid this flower first grew. The story is told by him in his Fasti. Lib. 5. V. 231.

Come,

Come, thou Genius of the War,
 Roll me in thy Iron Car,
 And as thy Coursers pierce the sky,
 Breathing fury as they fly,
 Let Courage hurry swift before,
 All stain'd around with purple gore,
 And Vict'ry follow close behind
 With wreath of Palm, and Laurel join'd,
 While high in ether Fame assumes
 Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.
 Then, whilst her trumpet swells the note
 Roaring rough thro' brazen throat,
 Let drums with many a beat maintain
 The measure of the martial strain ;
 Hautboys, clarions too be found,
 Nor be miss'd the fifes shrill found,
 Nor yet the Scottish bag-pipes strain,
 Dear delight of Highland swain ;
 Whether on some mountain's brow,
 Now squeaking high now droning low,
 It guides the steps of many a lass
 Tripping it featly on the grass ;
 Or whether in the battle's fray
 Some antient Caledonian lay

It

It boldly blows, to fill the train
 With fury mixt with proud disdain,
 Strike ev'ry fire from ev'ry mind,
 Nor leave one latent spark behind.
 Bear me now to tented ground,
 Where gallant streamers wave around,
 And British ensigns, wide display'd,
 Lend the earth a scarlet shade,
 And pikes, and spears, and launces bright
 Dart around a silver light ;
 There to join the hardy croud,
 As they sport in gamesome mood,
 Wrestling on the circled ground,
 Wreathing limbs with limbs around ;
 Or see them pitch the massy bar,
 Or teach the disk to whiz in air.
 Then, at night's return, regale
 With chat full blunt, and chirping ale,
 While some voice of manly bass
 Sings my darling Chevy Chace ;
 How the child, that's yet unborn,
 May rue Earl PERCY's hound and horn ;
 How WITHERINGTON in doleful dumps
 Fought right valiant on his stumps ;

And

And many a Knight and 'Squire full gay
 At morn, or night were clad in clay ;
 While first and last we join to sing,
 " God prosper long our Noble King."

Thus, till midnight spreads around
 Her sable vestments o'er the ground,
 Then, I'll for a studious seat
 To some strong citadel retreat,
 By ditch, and rampart high ypent,
 And batt'ry strong, and battlement.
 There in some store-room richly dight,
 With coats of mail, and falchions bright,
 Emblazon'd shields of impress quaint,
 Erst borne at tilt and tournament ;
 There while the taper burneth blue,
 (As Brutus once was wont to do)

Let me turn the ample page
 Of some grave, historic sage ;
 Or in Homer's sacred song,
 Mix the Græcian Bands among,
 Or list to Virgil's epic Lyre,
 Or lofty Lucan's wrapt in fire,
 But rather still let Shakespeare's muse
 Her genuine British flame diffuse ;

And briskly with her magic strain
 Hurry me to Gallic plain,
 What time the gallant Talbot bleeds,
 Or when heav'n-prosper'd Harry leads
 His bands, with sevenfold courage steel'd,
 To Agincourt's immortal field.
 Yet soon as morn begins to spread
 The orient pale with streaming red,
 And the shrill cornets from afar
 Stoutly swell the note of war ;
 Then, as th' embattled files advance,
 O MARS ! my ev'ry thought entrance.
 Guide me, thou terrific God !
 Guide thro' glory's arduous road,
 While Conquest with gigantic pace
 Stalks before, and shakes his mace ;
 While hailing bullets round me fly,
 And human thunders rend the sky,
 With armour clanking, clarions founding,
 Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding,
 " Guide me, thou terrific God !
 " Guide thro' glory's arduous road."
 But, should on land thy triumphs cease,
 Still bear me from the scenes of peace ;

Me lead, dread Power! for warlike sport
 To some wave-encircled fort,
 Or, if it yield more open fight,
 To some hoar promontory's height,
 Whose high-arch'd cliff, with bending brow,
 Frowns on the foaming surge below ;
 There eagerly to ken from far,
 All the burst of naval war,
 And glow with sympathetic rage,
 While th' embattled fleets engage,
 And ev'ry distant shore rebounds
 To their cannons rattling sounds ;
 When the sulphurous fire-ship rends,
 And thousand deaths around her sends,
 And limbs dis sever'd, hurl'd on high,
 Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.
 But, while I gaze, if envious night
 Shuts the grand prospect from my sight,
 Still let thy vot'ry hear from far
 The sound of elemental war,
 Hark to the distant thunder's roll,
 Nor, till its last concluding growl,
 Permit dull Morpheus to apply
 His leaden finger to my eye ;

And then, even then, let Fancy's power
 Exhaust her visionary store,
 To paint some mighty city's state
 Besieg'd, and nodding to its fate;
 Above whose heav'n-devoted fane,
 Portentous comets sweep their trains,
 And vultures, fierce in martial'd flight,
 With beaks and claws wage bloody fight;
 And armed knights, a ghostly croud,
 Prick forth from ev'ry op'ning cloud
 With blazing swords of portent dire,
 And minute glares of meteor-fire;
 Such erst as shot their livid gleam,
 Down on besieg'd Jerusalem,
 Or hung o'er Rome e'er Julius fell,
 And, if old sages truly spell,
 Are dread prognostics that foreshow,
 Convulsions in our realms below.
 And, when at last cold creeping age
 Freezes the current of my rage,
 Let me retire amidst a troop
 Of Invalids, a veteran group,
 Bereft of some main limb by war,
 Or justly proud to shew the scar

They gain'd, when fighting in the cause
 Of Albion's liberty and laws ;
 With these full chearly I'll retire,
 To circle round a sea-coal fire,
 Hear them their past campaigns recite
 Of Vigo's sack and Blenheim fight.
 And, when my children round me throng,
 The same brave themes shall grace my tongue,
 To teach them, should fair England need
 Their blood, 'tis their's to wish to bleed ;
 And, as I speak, behold them glow,
 And flash their eye, and knit their brow ;
 While I, with heart-felt bliss elate,
 Sit proudly in paternal state,
 Gaze on each half-form'd warrior face,
 And all their future fortunes trace ;
 That this, my ruddy, first-born boy
 On land his Sov'reign shall employ ;
 The next o'er ocean's wide domain
 Boldly assert Britannia's reign,
 And firm in freedom's cause advance
 The scourge of slav'ry, and of France,
 These delights if MARS afford,
 MARS ! with thee I whet my sword.

Written in 1744.

Il Pacifico.

HENCE, pestilential MARS,
 Of fable-vested Night and Chaos bred,
 On matters formless bed,
 Mid the harsh din of elemental jars :
 Hence with thy frantic croud,
 Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in fire,
 Precipitate retire ;
 While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,
 And hurries headlong on,
 To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood,
 But hail, fair PEACE, so mild and meek,
 With polish'd brow and rosy cheek ;
 That, on thy fleece-white cloud descending,
 Hither, soft-ey'd Queen, art tending,
 Gently o'er thy fav'rite land
 To wave thy genial myrtle wand :
 To shake from off thy turtle wing
 Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring ;

Spring

Spring, like that, which poets feign,
 Gilded Saturn's easy reign :
 For Saturn's first-born daughter thou ;
 Unless, as later bards avow,
 The youthful God with spangled hair
 Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :
 For, banish'd erst Heav'n's star-pav'd floor,
 (As sings my legendary lore)
 As Phœbus sat by weeping brook,
 With shepherds scrip and shepherds crook,
 Pensive 'midst a savage train
 (For savage then was all the plain)
 Fair Harmonia left her bow'r,
 To join her radiant paramour :
 Hence didst thou spring ; and at thy birth
 Lenient Zephyrs fann'd the earth,
 Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
 Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
 And man, whom fiercer rage possess'd,
 Smil'd dissension from his breast.
 She comes, she comes : ye Nymphs, prepare
 Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair ;
 Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute
 To dulcet strains, which aptly suit

The featly-footed faraband
 Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
 When nimbly light each simp'ring lass
 Trips it o'er the pliant grass.
 But see, her social smiling train
 Now invests th' inraptur'd plain !
 Plenty's treasure-teeming horn
 Show'rs its fruits, its flow'rs, its corn ;
 Commerce spreads his amplest sail ;
 Strong-nerv'd Labor lifts his flail ;
 Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
 That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)
 He shall my youngling footsteps lead
 Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
 By scooped valley, heaped hill,
 Level river, dancing rill,
 Where the shepherds all appear,
 To shear and wash their fleecy care,
 Which bleating stand the streams around,
 And whiten all the close-crop'd ground :
 Or when the maids in bonnets sheen
 Cock the hay upon the green ;
 Or up yon steep rough road the swains
 Drive slow along their rolling wains

(Where

(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,
 And makes the pond'rous axle crack),
 Then to the village on the hill,
 The barns capacibus jaws to fill,
 Where the answ'ring flails rebound,
 Beating bold with thund'ring sound.
 Enchanted with this rural scene,
 Here let me weave my arb'retts green :
 Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat
 O'er my noontide cool retreat ;
 Or bind the oak with ivy-twine ;
 Or wed the elm and purpling vine.
 But, if my vagrant fancy pants
 For charms, that simple nature wants,
 Grant, Power benign, admittance free
 To some rang'd Academy :
 There to give to arts refin'd
 All the impulse of my mind ;
 And oft observant take my stand,
 Where the painter's magic hand
 From sketches rude, with gradual art,
 Calls dawning life to ev'ry part,
 Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
 Each starting hero meets the eye :

Oft too, oh ! let me nice inspect
 The draughts of justest architect :
 And hence delighted let me pass,
 Where others mold the ductile brass ;
 Or teach the Parian stone to wear
 A letter'd sage's musing air,
 But ah ! these Arts have fix'd their home
 In Roman or in Gallic dome :
 Tho' strange beseems, that Arts shou'd spread
 Where frowns black Slav'ry's baleful shade ;
 And stranger far that Arts decay
 Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.
 This then deny'd ; I'll swift retreat,
 Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :
 There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
 The busy mind's ideal store ;
 There, heav'n-rapt Newton, guide my way
 'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,
 To mark the vagrant comets road,
 And thro' his wonders trace the God.
 Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
 Amid the cloysters silent gloom :
 Or, where rang'd oaks their shades diffuse,
 Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,

Recalling

Recalling oft some heav'n-born strain,
 That warbled in Augustan reign ;
 Or turn well pleas'd the Græcian page,
 If sweet Theocritus engage ;
 Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
 Caroll his easy love-lay light.
 Yet let not all my pleasure lie
 Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy ;
 But ever give my fingers wings
 Lightly to skim the trembling strings,
 And from some bow'r to tune the lay :
 While list'ning birds croud ev'ry spray,
 Or hovering silent o'er my head,
 Their quiv'ring wings exulting spread ;
 Save but the turtles, they alone
 With tender plaintive faithful moan,
 Shall tell, to all the secret grove,
 Their soft thick-warbled tale of love :
 Sweet birds ! your mingling blifs pursuing,
 Ever billing, ever cooing,
 Ye ! constant pair ! I love to note
 Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat ;
 And, ye unheard, from fidelong hills
 The liquid lapse of whisp'ring rills,
 I list to hear : such sounds diffuse
 Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.

Thus

Thus Summer sees me brisk and light,
 'Till Winter spreads her 'kerchief white ;
 Then to the city's social walls,
 Where tolling clock to business calls.
 There the weaver's shuttle speeds
 Nimble thro' the fine-spun threads ;
 There the vocal anvil rings,
 While the smith his hammer swings ;
 And ev'ry man and ev'ry boy
 Briskly join in warm employ.
 Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,
 Oft croud into the rich Exchange ;
 Or to yon wharf ; aside the mote,
 Where the anchor'd ships do float,
 And others, hast'ning into bay,
 Swell their sails in fair array :
 Wafting to Albion's sons the store,
 That each Peruvian mine can pour ;
 Wafting to Albion's smiling dames
 The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
 'Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.
 Joys vast as these my fancy claims ;
 And joys like these if PEACE inspire,
 PEACE with thee I string the lyre.

AN EPISTOLARY ADDRESS

TO THE
AUTHOR'S FATHER,

SENT FROM LONDON IN THE YEAR 1746.*

Surgat in officium venerandi Musa Parentis.

MILTONUS ad Patrem.

HERE pause, fair Fancy, † in thy flow'ry way !
The varied verse, the imitative lay
Reject awhile ; discard each fabling dream ;
Paternal praise be now thy nobler theme ;
And if the Muse, who thro' the realms of song
Gave Pope, now mute, to lead the tuneful throng,
In whose warm heart with mingling fervour shone
The glowing Poet and the tender Son,
His duteous heart and filial feelings pour
Thro' every artless line, I ask no more.

Enough for me, if He, whose name I bear,
With wonted candour bend his partial ear ;

NOTES.

* Now first printed.

† Alluding to Musæus and the two foregoing Imitations of MILTON, which the Author was then composing, but had not quite finished.

Enough,

Enough, if He, who always lov'd to blend
 Advice with smiles, the Father with the Friend,
 Accept the verse, how vain soe'er it prove,
 Which aims to pay its tribute to the love,
 That ever blest me since my course began,
 From tender childhood to the dawn of man;
 Nor in that course did e'er one boon refuse,
 A son might ask, and innocence might use.

Can I forget, when first my infant ear
 Caught each new melody it chanc'd to hear,
 How prompt to foster seeds, that nature sow'd,
 A master skill'd his gen'rous care bestow'd,
 To teach how concord and how discord meet,
 And form one strain methodically sweet?

Alike when active Fancy try'd to trace
 The rural Landscape, or impassion'd Face,
 How to my aid he brought each written rule,
 And free design of Painting's various School?

How, when my thoughts first flow'd in tinkling chime,
 He smooth'd the verse, reform'd each faulty rhyme,
 Nor check'd the Muse, just waking, in the strain,
 Left love of verse should quench the love of gain,

But

But smil'd assenting, fann'd the kindling fire,
And sunk the critic in the partial Sire?

Much thanks for these ; for arts like these have pow'r
To grace the chearful, sooth the pensive hour.
These shall dispense their calm, yet lively, joys,
When study pauses, or when business cloy's ;
Nor one dull hour drawl sullenly along,
While Paint can please, or Harmony, or Song.

Thro' graver science now my steps to guide,
As years advance, see Marg'ret's dome supply'd !
Her arching cloysters and her glimm'ring groves,
All, study claims, all, contemplation loves,
Are amply given ; and, if I wish for more,
The Town expands, and, Thames, thy splendid shore !
Here free to rove, here feast my mind and eyes,
" Here catch the manners living as they rise,"
Here men with books impartially compare,
Learn what they should be, smile at what they are ;
For Vanity, the world's despotic queen,
Ere we can know her truly, must be seen ;
And if plain sense her steady glass supplies,
The more we see, the more we shall despise.

Permit

Permit me then, my Sire, awhile to view,
 Thro' that clear perspective, her motley crew ;
 Nor fear thy son, by Fashion's frippery smit,
 Should shun the Christian and pursue the Wit :
 But fated quite, relinquishing with joy
 Those vain delights, that soon as tasted cloy ;
 Each passion cool'd, that boils the tide of youth,
 Each error purg'd, that dims the sight of truth,
 O! may no wish for more his bosom own,
 But all his manners speak him all thy son.

For, know, each academic duty paid,
 Soon will he haste to his paternal shade ;
 There, fraught (great task) with Reason's nerve to tame
 That hydra of the soul the thirst of fame ;
 His youthful breast, by years mature refin'd,
 May shine the mirror of thy blameless mind,
 And, free from public, as domestic, strife,
 Slide thro' the tranquil stream of private life ;
 Yet, still alive to ev'ry social call,
 Glow with that charity, which feels for all.

There too to truths divine may he aspire,
 Wing'd and conducted by his practis'd Sire ;

Pursue

Pursue his flight, upborn on Faith's strong plume,
Nor fear of youthful Icarus the doom,
From Falsehood's maze sav'd by his guiding clue,
Rise as he rises, keep him still in view,
The Minotaur of Vice beneath him hurl'd,
And 'scap'd that worst of Labyrinths, the World,

S T A N Z A S.

Written on the BANKS of the CAM, 1746.

TO court in May's mild month the Muse
 Along the sedgy bank I stray'd,
 Where flow-pac'd Cam his course pursues
 Amid the daisy-painted mead.

High o'er my head, the Solar sphere
 Flung far and wide his sparkling beams ;
 His sparkling beams as bright appear
 Reflected from the silver streams.

Below each languid Zephyr died,
 Each slender reed forgot to play,
 Without a rill the even tide
 Slided silently away.

Yet, from its surface to its base,
 So clear the chrystal fluid spread,
 My gazing eye distinct could trace
 The finny inmates of its bed.

At length

At length the Muse her votary join'd,
 With me the busy scene she view'd,
 And, Fancy waking in my mind,
 A flow of numbers thus ensued.

" See, how those rose-finn'd Perch delight
 " High as th' incumbent air to glide,
 " Each leaf each straw their chase excite,
 " That bouyant sail along the tide.

" On Learning's surface thus the Youth
 " Too oft devotes each precious hour,
 " For modern whim scorns antient truth,
 " And quits the fruit, to smell the flower.

" But hark ! I heard a bubbling noise,
 " How quick yon Trout pursu'd a fly !
 " Yet see ! the nimble insect plies
 " His wing, and safe ascends the sky.

" Say Muse ! to what shall we compare
 " The scaly fool's successless aim ?
 " 'Tis thus that all deluded are,
 " Who merely act, or write for fame.

" See far below, yon Eel conceal'd

" In mud its circling volume leads,

" Now thro' the water half reveal'd,

" Now tangled in a grove of reeds ;

" So fares the Man, who, gravely vain,

" Thro' each profound of Learning wanders,

" Scruples and doubts perplex his brain

" In long and intricate meanders.

" There too a half-gorg'd Pike appears,

" Whose maw or frogs or gudgeons fate,

" After a labouring length of years,

" Such is the musty Pedant's fate.

" But see, its height and depth between,

" Yon scaly tribe or pause or play,

" Now hanging in the fluid scene,

" Now straying as its currents stray ;

" Their course no straws divert above,

" No mud, or reeds obstruct below,

" Freely their oary fins they move,

" As nature dictates, swift, or slow.

" So, thro' Life's current let me glide,
" Nor sink too low, nor rise too high,
" Safe if Content my progress guide ,
" And golden Mediocrity."

I S I S.*

A MONOLOGUE.†

Ω δὺσῆνος

Τί ποτ' οὐ δὴ που

Σέγ' ἀπιστοῦσαν, τοῖς βασιλεῖσι-

σιν ἄγουσι νόμοις,

Καὶ ἐν ἀφροσυνῇ καθελόντες.

SOPHOCLES in Antig.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,

Pale

NOTES.

* It was said, in an advertisement prefixt to the first quarto edition, that "the following Poem would never have appeared in print, had not an interpolated copy of it, published in a country newspaper, scandalously misrepresented the principles of the Author;" which parody, before the publication of the original, was reprinted in the London Evening Post, and generally supposed to be written by the
 late

Pale Isis lay ; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive maid ;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
 In careless folds loose fell her zoneless vest ;
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all it's grace ;
 Here, full with life was heav'n-taught Science seen,
 Known by the laurel wreath and musing mein ;

N O T E S.

late Dr. BYROM of Manchester. Very soon after Mr. T. WARTON, afterwards Poet Laureat, printed an elegant answer to it, entitled, the Triumph of Isis. But ere this the Author, (then young) was convinced that the satire it contained, though mixed as it was with true panegyric, was too severe ; he therefore forbore to reprint it in any of the former editions of his Poems. However, as Mr. WARTON's Poem has been, with this, reprinted in certain Miscellanies, and as the former holds a place in his volume, it was thought proper here to give it a place.—Certain it is that the spirit of Jacobitism, which had obtained in both our Universities before the year 1745, was far from being quite extinguished in 1748, when this Poem was written, May the more recent spirit of Jacobinism (if now it infects either of them) have a still quicker termination !

† It was originally entituled an Elegy ; but the term is altered as not being written in alternate Rhymes, which since Mr. GRAY's exquisite Elegy in the Country Church-Yard has generally obtained, and seems to be more suited to that species of Poem.

There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and bland
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green
 At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :
 " Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.
 Yes, Isis ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead,
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;
 While ev'ry Youth, with Fame's strong impulse fir'd,
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

" E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
 And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain ;
 See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See ! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine.

See

See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.
 Each soul whom Truth cou'd fire, or Virtue move,
 Each breast strong panting with it's country's love,
 All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
 That wisely councill'd, or that bravely bled,
 All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
 The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

" Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray,
 There ADDISON first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great CATO's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty.
 " My Son, he cry'd, observe this mein with awe,
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 " The piercing notes shall strike each *British* ear,
 " Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear;
 " And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
 " Each Youth shall spurn at Slav'ry's abject reign,
 " Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 " And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's cause."

The

The Hero spoke, the Bard assenting bow'd,
 The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
 While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

“ But ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
 How mute Attention check'd each rising sound;
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth; ev'n now I view
 Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
 View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the Sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest;
 Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
 Ere long to show to Reason's purged eye,
 That “ NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY.”

“ Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then vain as Niobe exulting cry'd,
 Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;

Tho'

Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress
 It's image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

"Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?
 See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast.
 See! Hydra Faction spread it's impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain.
 Hence frontless crouds that, not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
 Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
 To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd!
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound!
 The horrid notes my reflux waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam.
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head;
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
 Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,

Sworn

Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

“ Are these the sons my fost’ring breast must rear?
 Grac’d with my name, and nurtur’d by my care,
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults thro’ a peaceful land,
 And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue groans,
 That “ Isis taught Sedition to her Sons?”
 Forbid it heav’n! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and overwhelm the recreant slaves,
 In England’s cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug’d in the cause of Troy.
 Is this deny’d? then point some secret way
 Where far far hence these guiltless streams may stray,
 Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads
 Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;
 There, where a Hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a Pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I’ll flow; forget that e’er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
 Forget that e’er my rapt attention hung
 Or on the Sage’s or the Poet’s tongue,
 Calm and resign’d my humbler lot embrace,
 And pleas’d prefer oblivion to disgrace.”

PROTOGENES

PROTOGENES and APELLES.*

(ALTERED FROM PRIOR.)

WHEN Poets wrote, and Painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the View;
 Ere Gothick Forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well-proportioned Piece;
 And in our Verse ere Monkish Rhimes
 Had jangled their fantastic Chimes;
 Ere on the flow'ry land of RHODES
 Those Knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:

NOTE.

* The exquisite humour, with which PRIOR has enlivened the plain Tale which he took from PLINY, it is hoped will not be much impaired by the following few alterations, attempted for no other purpose than to elucidate the original story, which, it is thought, has not hitherto been perfectly understood; not from any defect in PLINY's Narrative, (as his last Translator, M. FALCONET, would make us believe) but from the blunder of the old Commentators, and the inattention of the latter to the whole passage. The alterations are printed in Italics, and Prior's original lines at the bottom of the respective pages.

PROTOGENES,

PROTOGENES, Historians note,
 Liv'd there, a Burgeſs Scot and Lot;
 And, as old PLINY's Writings ſhow,
 APELLES did the ſame at Co.
 Agreed theſe points of time and place,
 Proceed We in the preſent caſe.

Picqu'd by PROTOGENES's fame,
 From Co to RHODES APELLES came;
 To ſee a Rival and a Friend,
 Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend,
 Here to abſolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings,
 His ſervants follow with the things:
 Appears the Governante of th' houſe,
 For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe;—
 If young or handſome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me, or thee, to know.

Does 'Squire PROTOGENES live here?
 Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, with gracious air,
 And curtſey low; but juſt call'd out
 By Lords peculiarly devout;

Who

Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our VENUS, for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church: 'Tis Venus day:
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
 To see our Venus: 'Tis the Piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
 So like th' original, they say;
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 DROMO must take my Master's tea.
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my Master, Sir, at home

Tea, says a Critic, big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after:
 Authors, before they write, should read.
 'Tis very true;—but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present, won'd you please
 To leave your name?—Fair Maiden, yes.
 Reach me that Board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke,

APELLES

* APELLES *delicately drew*
A line, retiring from the view,
And quick as sportsmen draw their trigger,
Produc'd a fine fore-shorten'd figure.
 And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
 To shew your Master this from me?
 By it he presently will know,
 How Painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and curt'ring, Sir, she said,
 I shall not fail to tell my Master:
 And, Sir, for fear of all difaster,
 I'll keep it my own self:—Safe bind,
 Says the old Proverb, and safe find.
 So, Sir, as sure as key or lock——
 Your servant, Sir——at fix o'clock.

Again at fix APELLES came;
 Found the same prating civil Dame.

* O'er the plain Ground APELLES drew
 A Circle regularly true.

Prior.

Sir,

Sir, that my Master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.

** If, in the sketch you chose to draw,
He found, you'll pardon me, a flaw—
And tried to make a nicer line,
You must not think the fault was mine ;
For he, strange man ! will have his way.*

(I'm sure I find it night and day)

And when 'twas done, he bade me say,

Thus write the Painters of this Isle :

Let those of Co remark the stile.

}

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.

† APELLES *saw a truer stroke,*

Now here, now there, his own had broke ;

** If, from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus he order'd me to say.*

P.

† Upon the happy line was laid
Such obvious light, such easy shade
That Paris' Apple stood confest'd,
Or Leda's Egg, or Cloc's Breast.

P.

*This gave the Artist a new hint,
 With pencil of a different tint,
 To trace, o'er both the lines together,
 A third, more elegant than either.
 And by its subtle intersection,
 He brought the drawing to perfection.*

*The COAN now review'd the piece ;
 And live, said he, the Arts of Greece !
 Howe'er PROTOGENES and I
 May in our rival talents vie ;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd
 Who truest drew, or coloured best—
 When he beheld my flowing line,
 He found at least I could design,
 *But now I've made it quite complete ;
 I trust 'twill cause us soon to meet.
 It did. Protogenes beheld
 The Sketch, and own'd himself excell'd.
 Then to the port he ran in haste
 And clasp'd with friendly arms his guest.*

* And from his artful round I grant
 That he with perfect skill can paint,
 APOLLO view'd the finish'd piece.

P.
 The

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale ;
 That the distinguished part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Shou'd in life's visit leave their name
 In characters, which may proclaim,
 That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise,
 † *And free from envy, spleen, and spite,*
Took each their patriotic flight ;
Like the two worthies of my story,
On mutual plumes, to mutual glory.

† And, in their Working, took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

P.



N O T E S,

Explanatory of the foregoing Alterations.

I.

APELLES delicately drew
A Line, retiring from the View, &c.

THAT the effort of APELLES, which PLINY thus describes—“*Abrepto Penicillo Lineam duxit summe tenuitatis per tabulam*”—was a single Outline; or, as DURAND expresses it—“*Un Dessin au simple trait*,”—(of which there are many Examples in the Drawings of M. Angelo, Raffaele, and others of the Italian School) has been a Matter long decided; and that it neither represented a perfect Circle, according to PRIOR, (who probably borrowed that Idea from PERAULT) or any other accurate Geometrical Figure, cannot reasonably be conjectured. But PLINY afterwards tells us, that this Design, after APELLES had drawn it, and PROTOGENES had retouched it; and finally, when APELLES had perfected it, exhibited *tres lineas visum effugientes* :*

* DURAND translates this phrase, “Trois dessein au simple trait & de la dernière finesse que échappoient la vue par leur subtilité.” This paraphrase gives us the idea of three designs faintly expressed, so as to be almost invisible: M. FALCONET takes it in the same sense, and accordingly ridicules the idea, which

which has led me to conclude, that the original Drawing was that of a fore-shortened Figure, because I think no words can better express this technical Term than those which the Author has here used, and which therefore, I have literally translated. If this Opinion be admitted, it will make the Contest between the two Painters what it should be; because, to fore-shorten a Figure accurately, though it may not be one of the greatest Beauties, is certainly one of the greatest Difficulties, of the Art: the Drawing in question would therefore be principally admired by Artists, as PLINY tells us it was—*omnium quidem sed Artificum præcipue miraculo*. If I am asked to produce a Passage, where the Author has used the same Terms to imply the same Thing, I can only reply, that PLINY, when in a subsequent Passage he describes a Picture of a Sacrifice by PAUSIAS, in which there was an Ox extremely fore-shortened, makes use of a much longer Periphrasis—*Quum longitudinem Bovis ostendere velit adversum eum pinxit non transversum et abunde intelligitur magnitudo*. Modern Writers, it is certain, deal more in technical Terms than the Ancients did, and I suspect that if there had been in Latin a technical Term for what English Painters call *fore-shortened*, and the French *en Raccourci*, PLINY would have thought it too inelegant, if not too inexpressive, for his use; for a good Writer, treating on any particular Art for public Information, avoids the use of such Terms as Practitioners in the Art have invented.

II.

And tried to make a nicer line.

Subtilitas and *Tenuitas* are the two Words which

PLINY uses, as it should seem synonymously, to describe the elegance of the Lines which the two Painters alternately drew. DU PILES, in his *Vie de Peintres*, justly remarks, that they relate not so much to the Lines themselves, as to the Intelligence of the Art with which they were traced. I have put the Epithet *nicer* here in the mouth of the Servant, as the Term she would be likely to use to express that Idea.

III.

To trace o'er both the Lines together.

THIS last exertion of APELLES, PLINY describes thus: *Tertio colore lineas secuit nullum relinquens subtilitati locum.* The older Commentators first imagining that *Linea* meant merely what Writing-Masters call a fine Hair-Stroke, naturally enough, yet surely absurdly, concluded, that the Skill of the two Artists consisted in dividing the first into two finer Hair-Strokes. Had they only adverted to a succeeding Paragraph of PLINY which informs us, that this Artist made it his practice every Day, *Lineam ducere*, (whence the Proverb, *Nulla dies sine linea*) they must have discovered that *Linea* here signified an *Outline* or *Contour*, and consequently that one Outline might cut another transversely, but not directly through the Middle, by which no Design whatever could be either altered or improved. If any Person, unskilled in Drawing, casts his Eye on the *fac-simile* Etchings of BARTOLOZZI from GUERCINO, he will have a clear Conception of this Matter. If however he saw the first Sketch of any Master, corrected twice with Ink of two different Colours, the thing would be more evident; for PLINY tells us three differently tinged Pencils

Pencils were employed by APELLES and PROTOGENES
in this contest.

IV.

It did. PROTOGENES beheld, &c.

WHAT is here inserted, is almost a mere transcript
from PLINY—PROTOGENES victum se confessus ad
portum devolavit Hospitem quærens,

V.

And free from Envy, &c.

As the two last Lines of PRIOR's Moral did not perfectly correspond with the Story, as now told, it is hoped that the four inserted in their Place will convey an equally good Meaning to every Professor of this and all the rest of the Liberal Arts.

MATHÆI CASIMIRI.*

Ode III. Lib. II.

SONORA buxi filia futilis,
Pendebris altâ, barbite, populo,
Dum ridet æer, et supinas
Sollicitat levis aura frondes.

Te fibilantis lenior halitus,
Perflabit Euri: me juvet interim,
Collum reclinâsse, et virenti
Sic temerè jacuisse ripâ.

Eheu! ferenum quæ nebulæ tegunt
Repentè cœlum! quis sonus imbrium!
Surgamus, Heu semper fugaci
Gaudia præteritura passu!

ODE

N O T E.

* This elegant little Ode was attempted to be translated not only on account of its lyrical excellence, but also because the instrument described in it seemed not to be merely a fancied Poetical Lyre, but the real Harp of EOLUS invented by ATHANASIUS KIRCHER, (see Note to Ode III. Page 27, of the first

ODE OF CASIMIR

TRANSLATED.

SWEET Harp, of well-fram'd Box the vocal child !
 Here shalt thou hang on this tall poplar's spray,
 While ether smiles, and breezes mild
 Amid its pendant foliage play.
 Eurus shall here, but borne on softest wing,
 Whisper and pant thy warbling chords among,
 While pleas'd my careless limbs I fling
 On this green bank, and mark thy song —
 But lo ! what sudden clouds veil the blue skies !
 What rushing sound of rain ! Rise we with speed —
 Ah always thus, ye light-wing'd joys,
 Ye fly, and ere possess'd are fled !

first Vol. of these Poems). This conjecture, it is presumed, will not appear improbable, when it is added that CASIMIR and KIRCHER were Jesuits and contemporaries. The mention of Eurus rather than Zephyrus, as a wind more proper to produce the sound, and the other circumstance of hanging it on a high tree, all seem to favour this notion, which, if admitted, gives an added and appropriate beauty to the delicate original.

SONG

SONG of HAROLD the Valiant.*

I.

MY ships to far Sicilia's coast
 Have row'd their rapid way,
 While in their van my well-man'd barque
 Spread wide her streamers gay.
 Arm'd on the poop, myself a host,
 I seem'd in glory's orb to move—
 Ah, Harold! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love,

N O T E.

* The original of this Song is preserved in an old Icelandic Chronicle, called Knytlinga Saga. It was translated by BARTHOLOMÆUS into Latin, and from him into French by M. MALLET in his *Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc*. Vol. II. Page 287. of the Northern Antiquities, taken from the above work, gives it in English Prose under the title of an Ode of HAROLD the Valiant. He was a Norwegian Prince in the middle of the eleventh century. See also five pieces of Runic Poetry published by Dr. PERCY. It was versified with a view of being inserted in an Introduction to a projected Edition of an History of English Poetry (see *Memoirs of Gray*, last Edit. Vol. IV. P. 143) and was meant to be a specimen of the first Ballad (properly so called) now extant of northern origin.

To

II.

To fight the foe, in early youth,
 I march'd to Drontheim's field ;
 Numbers were theirs, but valour ours,
 Which forc'd that foe to yield.
 This right hand made their King a ghost :
 His youthful blood now stains the grove—
 Ah, Harold ! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

III.

Rough was the sea, and rude the wind,
 And scanty were my crew ;
 Billows on billows o'er our deck
 With frothy fury flew :
 Deep in our hold the waves were tost,
 Back to their bed each wave we drove—
 Ah, Harold ! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

IV,

What feat of hardihood so bold
 But Harold wots it well ?
 I curb the steed, I stem the flood,
 I fight with falchion fell ;

The

The oar I ply from coast to coast,
 On ice with flying skates I rove—
 Ah, Harold ! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

V.

Can she deny, the blooming maid,
 For she has heard the tale,
 When to the South my troops I led,
 The fortrefs to assail ?
 How, while my prowess thinn'd the host,
 Fame bade the world each deed approve—
 Ah, Harold ! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

VI.

On Norway's cloud-cap'd mountains bred,
 Whose sons are bow-men brave,
 I dar'd, a deed that peasants dread,
 To plow old Ocean's wave ;
 By tempest driven, by dangers crost,
 Thro' wild, unpeopl'd climes to rove—
 Ah, Harold ! check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scorns thy love.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN first I dar'd by soft surprise
 To breathe my Love in FLAVIA's ear,
 I saw the mixt sensations rise
 Of trembling joy, and pleasing fear;
 Her cheek forgot its rosy hue,
 For what has Art with Love to do?

.II.

But soon the crimson glow return'd,
 Ere half my Passion was express'd,
 The eye that clos'd, the cheek that burn'd,
 The quiv'ring lip, the panting breast
 Shew'd that she wish'd or thought me true,
 For what has Art with Love to do?

III.

Ah! speak, I cry'd, thy soft assent:
 She strove to speak, she could but sigh;
 A glance, more heav'nly eloquent,
 Left language nothing to supply,

She prest my hand with fervour new ;
For what has Art with Love to do ?

IV.

Ye practis'd Nymphs, who form your charms
By Fashion's rules, enjoy your skill ;
Torment your Swains with false alarms,
And, ere you cure, pretend to kill :
Still, still your sex's wiles pursue,
Such tricks she leaves to Art and You.

V.

Secure of Native powers to please,
My FLAVIA scorns all mean pretence ;
Her form is elegance and ease,
Her soul is truth and innocence ;
And these, O heartfelt extacy !
She gives to Honour, Love, and Me.

July 11, 1765.

SAPPHO,

SAPPHO,
A
LYRICAL DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS.

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus Puellæ.

Hor. Ode 9, Lib. 4:

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SAPPHO.

PHAON.

AGENOR, a noble Sicilian, father to DORIS.

DORIS.

LYCIDAS in love with DORIS.

ARETHUSA, a Naiad.

Statue of Hymen animated.

SCENE SICILY.

N. B. The types in the following pages are arranged in the manner of METASTATIO's Operas, Paris Edit. 1755, in order to distinguish the Airs, Duets, &c. from the Recitative.

PRELIMINARY SCENE.

VENUS *and* CUPID *descend or enter.*

C U P I D.

FROM thy own Cyprus, Goddess! on the wing
Of duteous zeal I meet thee; from the Isle
Where ev'ry gale breaths love, where ev'ry shade
Weaves a close canopy for fond desire
To revel in unsated; where each stream,
That leads its mazy silver thro' the mead,
Murmurs a strain of liquid minstrelsy
Soft as the Dorian Lute.

Ven. But not so sweet
As SAPPHO's Lesbian Lyre, and this to hear
I now invite thee. Come, my Son, with me
Receive harmonious incense from that Lyre;
Hear the sweet suppliant, and unite with mine
Thy power (if Jove and his stern fates permit)
In aid of her distress.

Cup. Declare the cause.

VOL. III.

K

Ven.

Ven. Thou dost remember, (for this pensile orb
 Has not as yet been circled by the sun
 With amagal radiance) since we both were mask'd
 In shapes of mortal mould, and minded both
 To pass the Cydnus: near the further bank
 There lay a rude and homely fisher boy
 Stretch'd on his rush-wove float, with hook and line
 'Guiling the fish that scudded thro' the stream.
 We call'd him to us, and with willing speed
 He left his lures and to the distant shore
 Gave us safe waftage: with his manner pleas'd
 And unschool'd curtecy, as soon as landed,
 I stood confest the Goddes; bade him ask
 What wond'rous boon he pleas'd, and my full power
 Should instant grant it: the fond youth ask'd Beauty;
 Beauty supreme, to strike the dullest sense,
 And melt the coldest bosom.

Cup. True, he did,
 And still my recollection marks the change
 With pleasure mix'd with wonder; his brown forehead,
 Which the hot sun had parch'd and freckled o'er,
 Quick took a Parian polish. His rude locks,
 That stood in bristly tangles round his head,
 Now smoothly flow'd in hyacinthine rings,

Mantling

Mantling his neck and shoulders; downy crimson
 Soft'ned his rustic ruddiness of cheek;
 His eye glanced tenderness; his smile breath'd love.
 Meanwhile the Graces at thy bidding came,
 And from their sacred alabaster vase
 Shed that blest unguent, which to all his limbs
 (Accordant to proportion's faultless law)
 Gave new dimensions, only seen before
 In shapes of heav'nly frame.—But to the tale.

Ven. Chang'd as he was, the Youth repair'd to Lesbos,
 Where SAPPHO saw, and, need I add, ador'd him.
 For, CUPID, well thou know'st, the tender soul,
 That Poesy inspires, is very wax
 To Beauty's piercing ray: the blooming boy,
 More raptur'd with her lyre than with her form,
 Feign'd real passion; swore eternal truth.
 Yet scarce the waning moon had heard his vows,
 Ere all those vows were broke, and perjur'd PHAON
 Parted for Sicily; where now he reigns
 Here like ourselves, my Son, all-absolute,
 Conquering each heart he lifts, nor needs thy shafts
 To aid his victories.

Cup. But what of SAPPHO?

Ven. Disconsolate she sought the darkling grove,

Where the lorn nightingale prick'd on her thorn
 Wails to the list'ning stars, and join'd her plaint
 With kindred notes as sweetly querulous.
 And oft her hand would hang upon the trees
 Sad madrigals, the which my pitying doves
 Stole from the stems and bore to PHAON's eye,
 But all in vain: at length, to court my aid,
 Hither she bends her course. Ev'n while I speak,
 I spy her glittering Bark: see, o'er the waves
 It rides with fav'ring gale! Our place be now
 The middle region, where enshrin'd in clouds
 We'll hear the vot'ry and accept her prayer.

[*They ascend.*]

N O T E.

The above scene is not to be considered as essential to the Drama as it now stands; it was written many years before as a first scene, when the Author intended to throw the story into the form of a Masque; in which a part only (and that a small one) was meant to be set to Music. It is now inserted as a previous narrative of what is fabled concerning the cause of PHAON's superior beauty, (see Elian. Var. Hist. B. 12. C. 18.) and therefore in the closet may be read, by way of what our old Dramatists called an induction to the Drama itself, though not a necessary part of it.

SAPPHO.

S A P P H O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Grove with a view open to the sea on one side, and an elegant Temple dedicated to Venus on the other. While the Overture is performing, a splendid Barge appears on the sea bearing Sappho and her attendants from Lesbos ; they land, and approach the Temple ; when Sappho takes her Lyre from her principal attendant, and strikes it in accompaniment to her voice.

S A P P H O.

IMMORTAL VENUS ! power benign !
From this thy gayly-glittering shrine,
Daughter of Jove, thy vot'ry hear !
O, skill'd in each delusive art,
That best beguiles the love-lorn heart,
Defend thy SAPPHO from despair !
Come with such willing haste,
As oft thou cam'st before,

When thy light car thy nimble sparrows bore
Thro' the cœrulian vast.

Forth from thy mighty Sire's refulgent Hall
Swift on their little dusky wings they flew,

Propitious to my call,

And gave thee to my dazzell'd view.

Raptur'd I mark'd each radiant grace,

That beam'd in thy celestial face ;

I saw thee smile ; I heard thy tongue

The soft consoling strain prolong ;

“ What from my power would SAPPHO claim ?

“ Who scorns thy flame ?

“ What wayward boy

“ Disdains to yield thee joy for joy ?

“ Soon shall he court the bliss he flies ;

“ Soon beg the boon he now denies,

“ And, hast'ning back to love and thee,

“ Repay the wrong with extacy.

Ah, gentle Goddess ! once again

Repeat the soft consoling strain :

My Queen, my patroness, my friend,

Again thy powerful influence lend ;

Relieve

Relieve me from these dire alarms;

And give my PHAON to my arms!*

[The Hymn ended, she takes from another of her attendants two Doves, and with the rest of her train enters the Temple.]

SCENE II.

AGENOR, DORIS.

Dor. In pity hear me!

Ag. No, my soul's resolved;

I will not yield to this proud Lesbian youth

Thy beauty, or my wealth.

Dor. Nor do I hope it.

Ag. Why then admit vain PHAON to thy bower?

Dor. In duty to the Goddess of this Fane,

I must admire the form she made so fair;

On whom she lavish'd more enchanting grace

Than deck'd her own Adonis.

Ag. And for this,

Ev'n for the gloss and varnish of complexion,

NOTE.

* This first scene is a free Translation of SAPPHO's Hymn to VENUS preserved by DIONYSIUS.

Is virtuous LYCIDAS, with coy disdain,
Banish'd thy presence.

Dor. To the Shepherd's merit
I give my heart's esteem.

Ag. 'Tis a cold tribute:
The youth deserves thy love; and once possess it.
But mark my words; I led thee here to mark them.
Lo! at this Fane I swear, not to survive
The day thou wed'st with PHAON.

Dor. Dearest Sire!
Recall the word.

Ag. Daughter, the vow is made;
Jove, when he swears by fable Styx, not binds
His oath more firmly.

Dor. Hear me but a moment—

Ag. Away—discard all duty—marry PHAON—
Yet, in the hour of transport, DORIS, know
A Father's death shall turn thy bliss to woe.

The furies from their Hell shall start,
And thunder to thy trembling heart,
That then thy Father died;
Shall dash with guilt and shame the hour,
When PHAON to the nuptial bower
Leads thee, a willing bride.

[Exit Agenor.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

DORIS.

Tremendous threat! yet justly given to her,
Who, tho' she knows the force of filial duty,
Knows the dear tribute due to faithful love;
To both must live a debtor. Death alone
Must aid me. Crimes we ought, yet cannot, hate
Are only cancell'd by the stroke of Fate.

Ye virgin shades, relieved from pain,

That in Elyfian vallies rove!

Ah! take me to your penfive train,

Victims like me of hopeless love!

Lead to the glades where, softly flow,

Oblivious Lethe steals along:

There let me join your warbling woe,

Or sigh responsive to your song.

[Exit Doris.]

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, and afterwards SAPPHO, from the Temple.

Lyc. Stay, Nymph! she hears me not—or hearing
flies me,

Perchance

Perchance, to follow PHAON. O my spear,
That oft haft on the felon wolf repaid
His outrage on my fold, prepare thy point
To quell a bafe robber!

Sap. What is this?

A youth of wild demeanor: yet, methinks,
He has not long been thus. His eye, tho' fir'd
With rage, has yet a tendernefs withal,
That fpeaks his bofom gentle. Haplefs youth,
Perhaps, the nymph he loves has been unkind!
What if I queftion him? ftay, courteous fwain!
A ftanger fues thy converfe.

Lyc. Thou'rt a woman;
I have forfsworn the fex.

Sap. 'Tis as I fear'd;
Love has done this; yet hear me, tho' a woman,
I never did thee wrong: in pity tell me
Where Lesbian PHAON fojourns.

Lyc. PHAON, fayft thou?
O that this fpear were buried in his breaft!

Sap. VENUS forbid! what wouldft thou murder
PHAON?

Lyc. I would, but dare not; left a deadlier frown
From DORIS fhould avenge the righteous blow.

Sap.

Sap. And loves he DORIS?

Lyc. That his trait'rous heart

Can only tell : enough for me to know,

That DORIS, won by his delusive wiles,

Disdains my virtuous passion. Gracious Gods!

Why sleeps your vengeance? why, at truth's just call,

Does not destruction's bolt on falsehood fall?

Is there not thunder in the sky?

Lightning, of pale and livid glare,

Prepar'd the perjur'd breast to tear,

And prove that Justice reigns on high?

Fall then, dread meteors, from above!

Ye whirlwinds rush; ye tempests growl;

And wreck on PHAON's impious soul,

The fury of offended Jove!

[Exit Lycidas.]

SCENE V.

S APPHO.

Ah, I have heard enough! he loves another;

And she (as needs she must; so absolute

His beauty's sov'reignty) returns his passion.

I look'd for this; and therefore did I bring,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in my bark, the vestments of a shepherd,
 In these I'll veil my sex; adieu my lyre!
 Tho' sweeter than the harp, than gold more dear,*
 Awhile must I resign thee; and inform
 The liquid languor of Sicilian reed
 To breathe as I inspire! Yet if the powers,
 That Phœbus gives me, like their Author prove,
 With this I'll woo; I'll win my rivals love.

Parent of Harmony descend!

The Muse's and the Lover's friend;

Thro' melodies meand'ring tide

Let sense and sound united glide;

Link in thy sympathetic chain

The tend'rest thought, the softest strain;

And lead the touching tones along

Thro' ev'ry melting mood of song;

So shall the tuneful contest prove,

That Music rules the realms of Love.

[Exit Sappho.]

NOTE.

* Πολὺ πακλίδος ἀδομαλίστρια,

Χρυσῷ χρυσοῖτρα.

Frag. Sapphūs ap. Demet. Phalereum.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Changes to an enclosed lawn with a bower in the centre
ornamented with festoons of flowers. Enter*

PHAON.

This is her bower; and this the time agreed.

DORIS was ever punctual to the moment;

Nay ev'n forewent it: should she fail me now,

My careless heart tells me it well could brook

A longer absence; lovely as she is,

And unenjoy'd, I feel already fated.

Ah, rapt'rous SAPPHO! wherefore did I leave thee!

Thine was a soul of fire. Others can love,

But not like thee: this DORIS owns a passion,

But thou alone couldst feel it: Joy in her,

In thee was extacy. I left thy arms

To gain fresh taste for their superior charms.

The bee, that roves round every field,

And sips the balm that each bestows,

For sweets, that common cowslips yield,

Requies the nectar of the rose;

But, when the transient feast is o'er,

He seeks the rose he left behind,

And finds, in the forsaken flower,

Both Nectar and Ambrosia join'd.

But

But see where DORIS comes : health to my fair one,
And love, and transport !

SCENE VII.

DORIS, PHAON.

Dor. Rather fear, and torture ;
For these alone possess the heart of DORIS.

Pha. What ? when I meet thee ! when thy PHAON's
lips

Print, on this hand, this fervent seal of love !

Dor. Forgoe the hand, that never must be thine :
A father's frowns—

Pha. Weigh'd with his daughter's smiles
Are light as air to PHAON : such to thee
Should be those frowns, when weigh'd with PHAON's love.

Dor. If PHAON lov'd me with a worthy passion,
He would not counsel thus.

Pha. When filial duty
Contentds, as now it seems, with faithful Love,
One must be scorn'd.

Dor. But DORIS has a heart,
(And hence arises all her misery)
That can scorn neither.

Pha.

Pha. Then the love of PHAON
Has not that force, that interest in thy bosom;
He once had cause to hope.

Dor. Cruel! it has;
Thou know'st it has; thou hear'st it in my sighs;
Thou see'st it in my tears; my voice declares it.
Go with the pleas'd conviction, that thy charms
Have made poor DORIS wretched: place her name
The last, the lowliest in the suff'ring list,
Thy beauty has enslav'd: let Lesbian SAPPHO
Hold, as she ought, the highest.

Pha. Jealousy,
Not duty, there prompted the cold reproof.

Dor. I meant not to reprove thee; would to heav'n,
That never from that SAPPHO's am'rous breast,
Thy faith had parted! then I had not seen thee,
And had not been undone. No father's frown
(As now it does) had spread confusion round me;
No virtuous lover mourn'd my cruelty.
But, as it is, thy pity I implore,
Quitting those charms I ever must adore.

'Tis duty, PHAON, bids me fly
The heav'n of smiles, that decks thy face,
And ev'ry more than mortal grace,
That triumphs in thy eye.

Yet

Yet mem'ry ev'ry grace and smile
 Shall hoard, as misers do their store,
 And these, till life's vain dream be o'er,
 My sorrows shall beguile.

[Exit Deris.]

SCENE VIII

PHAON.

She goes, in hope I should pursue her step
 To her stern father's presence; and, with prayer,
 And bended knees, and supplicating hands,
 Implore a boon, that I can gain without it.
 No, Lesbian Poetess! APOLLO's daughter!
 PHAON, whose charms once freely won thy heart,
 Disdains the thought. And thou, bright Queen of Love!
 Who gav'st me Beauty to support thy reign,
 Shalt find that gift was not bestow'd in vain.
 From fair to fair in ev'ry isle,
 That lifts its forests from the wave,
 I'll rove, their beauties to inflave;
 The coyly grave,
 The freely gay,

Shall

Shall each be victims to my smile:
I'll woo them all, perplex, beguile,
Possess, and fling the toys away.

Too long has woman wore the crown,
And rul'd with love's resistless power:
'Tis time, that man should have his hour,
To reign a tyrant in his turn.

So shall the swains, that dayly fight
With unavailing passion true,
In PHAON their avenger view,
And hail his am'rous victory.*

N O T E.

* This air is meant to be set on *Rondeau*, and the first eight lines repeated.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Grove near the House of Agenor.

AGENOR, DORIS, LYCIDAS.

Ag. Hence from my sight! or with repentant speed
Restore thy heart to LYCIDAS.

Dor. My hand,
('Tis all I can) I yield him.

Ag. See, the Swain
With virtuous pride disclaims it!

Lyc. Not from pride,
But grief, AGENOR, I decline a gift,
That DORIS yields so coldly.

Dor. Take it, youth,
And know, tho' PHAON claims my adoration,
He ne'er shall be thy rival. If his charms
Surpass, (as sure they do) whate'er is human,
May I not pay to him that tribute chaste,
We give to bright APOLLO?

Lyc. But his heart,

Wayward

Wayward and false; his bold licentious tongue;
Does that bespeak divinity?

Ag. If so,

'Tis such as frights us in the Satyr troop,
That follow Faunus, or the Cyclops rude,
Which oft, at eve, from Etna's burning womb
Are seen to climb, and cool them on yon cliff,
Carolling strains uncouth.

Lyc. Or boldly daring,
Like ruthless Polypheme, to lure the faith
Of one more heav'nly fair than Galatea
From one, as true as Acis.

Dor. Happless youth!
Much do I pity thee, and much myself.
Yet all I can, in offering here my hand,
I give thee. Ah! my Father, check thy frowns.

Ag. Away! my foul thy perfidy disowns.

Fly to the Lesbian Traytor, fly!

Forfake the Mansion of thy Sire:

From fair Sicilia's plains retire,
And take an exile's destiny.

The dower of penury and pine,

Giv'n by a Father's curse, be thine!

[*Agenor and Doris exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS.

AGENOR, stay! my heart releases DORIS
From all her vows, so thou forgiv'st her crime.
He hears me not. Ah, lost, lost LYCIDAS!
And, if he heard thee, could'st thou yield the nymph
To impious PHAON? lov'd as thou hast been,
Canst thou, reflecting on that love, resign
That bliss to him, which should alone be thine?

Ah! how the hours, on golden'plume,
Flew lightly o'er this fragrant shade,
Where, with my lovely DORIS laid,
I cropt the rose, and woodbine's bloom,
To weave a garland for her head.
O cruel change! the tempests lour!
The roses droop, the woodbines fade!
Falsehood and fraud have seiz'd the bower,
And robb'd me of my darling maid!

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, SAPPHO (*disguised as a Shepherd*)

Sap. Shepherd, I kindly greet thee!

Lyc.

Lyc. Whence—what art thou?
Methinks I made acquaintance with thy face
This morning near the Temple; but thy garb
Then spoke thee female.

Sap. True; and such I am,
A nymph of Lemnos.

Lyc. Thy resplendent galley
Glittering with streamers, and thy numerous train
Bespoke thee noble.

Sap. True; but what avails
Or birth, or wealth, when love, when bliss is lost;
When PHAON has deceiv'd me?

Lyc. Heav'ns! another
Inthrall'd as DORIS?

Sap. Yes, and to release
DORIS from thralldom, to avenge myself
And blast his perfidy, I mask me thus
In man's attire. Conduct me swift to DORIS.

Lyc. Ah! what will that avail?

Sap. Know, gentle swain,
I boast no vulgar skill in minstrelsy,
And mean by that to win her heart from PHAON,
And make it mine. That done, from such a bond
(My sex declar'd) thou shalt thyself reclaim
That truant heart, and fix it thine for ever.

Lyc. Impossible! ye Gods, that I could hope it!
O! she too madly doats on PHAON's beauty;
Yet thou art beauteous too; and in thy eye
There sits a soft and modest tenderness,
Which more, methinks, should move a virgin's mind,
Than PHAON's wanton glances.

Sap. Not on that
Shall I depend, which had not power to keep
My PHAON faithful; but my surer hope
Springs from my soul, and its enchanting art;
Which, while it sooths, inflames each hearer's heart,
Whate'er of sacred magic reigns
In verse and heav'n-born harmony,
I mix in my melodious strains:
APOLLO hears me from his sky;
Thro' Music's maze he guides the song,
Obsequious to my tuneful call;
Now lifts the swelling sounds along;
Now sinks in a pathetic fall.

Lyc. Never till now did my rapt ear imbibe
Such strains celestial: the tun'd spheres themselves,
That o'er our heads ring their immortal chime,
To the blest Gods give not more extacy,
Than thou to LYCIDAS! It must succeed.

Come

Come on, sweet Lemnian Syren; swift I'll lead thee
To the fair bower, which DORIS haunts at noon.

SCENE IV.

Changes to another part of the Grove.

AGENOR, PHAON.

Ag. The guilty ever fly from those they fear;
But I have found and, finding thee, command
Thy quick departure: Sicily disdains
To harbour falsehood. Vengeance here awaits
Thy crimes. Begone, and by thy flight avoid
Thy doom.

Pha. Unconscious of those crimes, old Man,
Why should I fly?

Ag. Thou hast seduc'd my daughter.

Pha. I have won
Thy daughter's heart, and, having won, will keep it.
AGENOR, know, I am no vulgar suitor!
I own, what well may justify my claim
To nymphs, as rich as DORIS.

Ag. Wert thou wealthy

As Lydian Cræsus, I would scorn thy suit :
I've given her to another.

Pba. 'Tis a grant,
Which Parents have not in their power to give ;
Else why have I her heart ? thou didst not give it,
And yet 'tis mine.

Ag. Insolent wretch ! I'll hear
No more. If the next rising sun
Beholds thee here, thy punishment's begun.

The rat'ling chain, the prison's gloom,
Where adders hiss, and scorpions sting,
Villain, shall be thy dismal doom !

There famine, on her raven wing,
Shall hover o'er thy fainting head ;
Till nature, shrinking at the sight,
Quenches the lamp of life and light,
And gives thee to the perjur'd dead.

[*Exit Agenor.*]

SCENE V.

PHAON.

Sternly he threatens, and has power confess
To put those threats in practice. I will haste

To

To DORIS : prefs her, ere the morning dawns,
To fly with me to Cyprus. My trimm'd bark
Already is unmoor'd ; my ship-mates ready ;
And the breeze blows, as if it wish'd to speed
My am'rous theft, and sanctify the deed.

Fill'd with each wanton zephyr's gale
My nimble bark shall spread its sail,
And cut the wave with prow of gold :
Around it's keel young dolphins play ;
Triumphant tritons lead the way ;
And laughing love the helm shall hold.

[*Exit Phaon,*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Bower of Doris,

DORIS.

Ye solitary shades, once more receive
Your love-lorn visitant ! Let my poor limbs
Fall on your fragrance ! O that they might soon
Sink into sleep eternal ! that AGENOR
Might find his daughter here, depriv'd of breath,
And wipe from her pale brow the dews of death !

Ye

Ye powers! this load of life remove,
 Who gave the boon to be enjoy'd;
 Behold that boon a burthen prove!
 Behold your gen'rous aim destroy'd!
 Change then to death your gift divine;
 The gift that gladly I resign.

[She reclines on the turf in a pensive attitude,

S C E N E VII.

LYCIDAS, SAPPHO, DORIS,

Lyc. Heard ye that pensive strain? it was the voice
 Of DORIS. See, reclin'd upon yon bed
 Of fragrant violets she sits and weeps!
 Hasten, I pray thee, and with some soft air
 Chase from her breast the cloud of black despair.

*[Lycidas retires behind the Bower, while Sappho sits
 down at her feet, plays a pastoral symphony on her
 reed and then sings.]*

Sap. The youth, that gazes on thy charms,
 Rivals in bliss the Gods on high,
 Whose ear thy pleasing converse warms,
 Thy lovely smile his eye.

But

But trembling awe my bosom heaves,
 When plac'd those heav'nly charms among ;
 The fight my voice of power bereaves,
 And chains my torpid tongue,
 Thro' ev'ry thrilling fibre flies
 The subtle flame ; in dimness drear
 My eyes are veil'd ; a murm'ring noise
 Glides tinkling thro' my ear ;
 Death's chilly dew my limbs o'erspreads,
 Shiv'ring, convuls'd, I panting lye ;
 And pale, as is the flower that fades,
 I droop, I faint, I die ! *

Dor. Who art thou, bright-ey'd spirit ? for those strains
 Bespeak thee more than human. Tell me, which
 Of the tun'd spheres thou guid'st, and why hast left
 The chiming orb to sooth my mortal ear
 With thy celestial warblings ?

SCENE VIII,

PHAON.

What do I see ? a Rival at her feet !

NOTE.

* This is meant to be a close Translation of the Fragment
 in LONGINUS.

He

He clasps her hand, devours it with his kisses,
Rouse thee, rash swain, and stand prepar'd to meet
An injur'd lover's fury!

[Lycidas rushes from behind the bower.]

Lyc. Stand there first,
And meet the fury of that injured lover,
Who first has right of vengeance!

Pha. Him I've caught
In am'rous dalliance; he shall first be punished,
Thee I can scorn at leisure.

[He runs at Sappho, strikes her on the breast, she falls.]

Dor. Stay thee, PHAON.

Ah me! the Shepherd swoons. Good LYCIDAS
Prevent a deadlier blow.

*[Lycidas seizes the Crook of Sappho, and stands before
the bower to guard it, while Doris kneels and sup-
ports her.]*

Lyc. Base murderer, pause!
In me behold a man, whose firmer arm
Is brac'd to meet thy prowess, vile assassin,
I dare thee to the combat!

Pha. No, poor shepherd,
Thy heart enough is wounded! Hie thee hence:
My wrath shall not assist the scorn of DORIS,
Curst with the pang of unsuccessful love.

Go bear away thy woes and quit the grove,

Where the willows skirt the brook,

Go and weave a garland green,

Leave thou there thy scrip and crook,

Vent in tears thy jealous spleen:

Heave thou there thy last sad sigh,

Drop into the stream and die.

Sap. Die didst thou say? I hop'd I had been dead;
But death, like PHAON, has deceiv'd poor SAPPHO.

Dor. and Lyc. SAPPHO!

Pha. Just Heav'ns! it is, it is my SAPPHO,
And I have wounded her perhaps to death!

Sap. Would to that Heav'n thou hadst! but thou
may'st still

Atchieve the deed; behold this bruised breast!

O! with thy dagger give a kinder blow,

And I shall be at peace.

Pha. O torture! torture!

Where shall I turn? how hide me from myself?

SCENE IX.

AGENOR.

Whence springs this tumult? need I ask the cause,

When that licentious wretch appears before me?

But who the wounded swain?

Dor.

Dor. Hear, Sire, and wonder.

'Tis Lesbian SAPPHO; she whose tuneful fame—

Sap. Ah! spare the praise, or turn that praise to pity.
Yes; pity her, whom fate ordained to prove
The sharpest pangs of agonizing love.

O! if thy aged heart can feel,
Ev'n from that venerable eye
My woes might bid the tears to steal,
And not debase its dignity. [*To Agenor.*]

Ag. See, at thy call they freely flow!

Ag. Dor. Lyc. We all partake in SAPPHO's woe!

Pha. Shall I, that sorrow's impious cause,
Not add my true repentant tear?

Ag. Sap. Do. } Traytor, avaunt! the vengeance fear,
Lyc. } That on thy head thy falsehood draws!

Ag. Fly from his presence, hapless fair!
Fly to my hospitable gate:

Dor. There let this breast thy friendship share;

Lyc. There let my zeal on both await.

Pha. Shall I be banish'd from the grove,
Deny'd my folly to atone?

Ag. Sap. Ph. } Such is the righteous doom of Jove!

Dor. Lyc. } So Justice thunders from his throne!

[*Exeunt—Phaon on the opposite side.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A gloomy valley with caves and trees on one side ; a fountain issuing from a rock and forming a stream on the other : the sea seen at the termination of the vale, and the moon setting in the horizon. Sappho in her female habit comes out of one of the caves unattended.

S A P P H O.

The radiant Queen of night retires,
 And quits her silver car ;
 The Pleiads veil their lambent fires,
 And ev'ry glittering star,
 That flam'd on midnight's sable brow,
 Have ceas'd to tremble, and to glow.
 While, lost to PHAON love and joy,
 I heave the solitary sigh :
 Still pants my wakeful heart, still weeps my wearied eye.

[She reclines on a bank.

Ah !

Ah! come, ye balmy powers of sleep,
Nor from my arms, like PHAON, rove;
O! bid my eyes forget to weep;
Bid my fond heart forget to love.*

SCENE II.

A soft symphony, during which Sappho falls asleep and the Naiad Arethusa rises from the stream, seated in a shell.

ARETHUSA.

See! from her translucent bed
ARETHUSA brings thee aid.
Lo! she sprinkles on thy breast
Vial'd drops, by fingers chaste
Cull'd from the cerulian deeps,
Where her coldest chrystal sleeps;

NOTE.

* This accompanied Recitative and Air is a kind of paraphrase of a little fragment of SAPPHO's, apud Hephestionem.

Δὲ θυκε μὲν αἰ σελαια,
Καὶ Πλειαδῆς, μέσαι δὲ
Νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχεσθ' ὥρα·
Ἐγὼ δὲ μόνα καθεύδω.

See the Edition of PINDAR and other Lyric Poems by
H. STEPHENS.

Where

Where Alpheus dare not lave,
 To mix with her's his amorous wave.
 Thrice I lift my virgin hand.
 Thrice I shed the vapors bland,
 To calm thy soul; while I declare
 The Council I from Phœbus bear.
 Know, by my voice, he bids his vot'ry fly
 To where Leucate's cliff o'erhangs the main.
 There shall she try
 The last, the dangerous remedy
 Of those, who love like her and love in vain.

A voice divine proclaims thy cure :

Hear, SAPPHO, hear that voice divine !
 To Phœbus haste with off'rings pure,
 And lay them on his holy shrine :
 Then from Leucate's frowning brow
 (Resolved to perish or be free)
 Rush to the wave that rolls below
 And welcome Death or Liberty.

[Arethusa descends.]

SCENE III.

SAPPHO (*awaking.*)

What do I hear? I'll try the desperate leap.
 Naiad, I thank thee. In thy friendly fount
 I drop these tears of pious gratitude.
 Yes, 'tis resolv'd; ev'n now I mount the rock.
 Bold Fancy bears me to it's lofty summit;
 Now hurls me headlong. Countless fathoms deep
 I fall! the clear blue wave receives me. O how cold!
 Yet grateful. Quickly will it quench the flame,
 That thus consumes my heart. Phœbus, I come—
 Ah! who arrests my step?

SCENE IV.

PHAON, SAPPHO.

Sap. Traitor to love;
 To honour; to the Gods! abjur'd of Heav'n,
 Avoid my presence!

Pba. If repentant tears,
 And sighs that rend the heart, from whence they spring,
 Can plead forgiveness, SAPPHO, hear them plead.

Sap. Yes; so he look'd. The sable-fringed lids

Of

Of his false eyes thus veil'd their liquid lustre,
 With modest shamefac'dness, when first he woo'd me.
 Look thus on DORIS, base one! SAPPHO towers
 Above thy wiles. The God, the God inspires me!
 He calls me to Leucate. Dread Apollo,
 I hear, and I obey thy awful call.

Pha. Hah! to Leucate!

Sap. Yes, to that fam'd cliff,
 Whence, dashing down into the whelming surge,
 I'll die—or live to hate thee.

Pha. My heart's Idol,
 Forgoe this frenzy!

Sap. Say, that it were frenzy;
 The wrongs, that thou hast heap'd on this poor brain,
 Would justify the deed: but 'tis not frenzy;
 'Tis inspiration. From yon stream it rose,
 In a cærulian robe of Heav'n's own tincture.
 Naiad! I saw thee rise; I heard thee speak:
 Thou bad'st me fly to Liberty, or Death.

Pha. Fly rather to these arms, to life, to love!

Sap. Cruel! It was thy arm, that gave the blow,
 Which makes life loathsome.

Pha. 'Twas the blow of error.

Sap. Away, I will not parley with thy falsehood.

Pha. Behold me kneel!

Sap. Repentance comes too late.

Rise, Traytor, rise! my choice is fixt as fate.

Pha. O! let this tender tear,
Contrition's purest dew,
My Sappho's pity move.

Sap. No! my intense despair
Here sighs a long adieu
To PHAON, and to Love
I go—

Pha. Yet hear—

Sap. I go
To steep Leucate's brow.
I fly from fraud and thee.

Pha. Yet stay—

Sap. Deceiver! no.
The rolling waves below
Involve my destiny.

Pha. Let Love his softest strains employ
To call thee back to him and joy.

Sap. In vain; we part to meet no more—

Pha. and Sap. What agony severe!
Fate has no sharper pang in store
The love-lorn breast to tear.

[*Exeunt—severally.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Changes to the Temple of Hymen with the Priests of the
God standing before the Altar.*

AGENOR, DORIS, LYCIDAS.

Ag. DORIS, tho' now the nuptial Altar flames,
My blessing pauses.

Dor. Why, my gracious Father,
When my repentant soul with truth returns
To filial duty, and to faithful love?

Ag. Does LYCIDAS forgive thee?

Lyc. Trust me, Sire,
Like summer storms, her frowns, my fears are past,
And mutual love shines brighter from the blast.

When hail descends in pearly shower,

The linnet nestling in the shade,

Hides with its wing its drooping head,

Nor tunes the sprightly lay.

But soon the sun's enlivening power

Dispells the cold, that chill'd the plain;

And soon the linnet hastes again

To warble on it's spray.

M 3

Dor.

Der. Dear LYCIDAS! that jocund strain bespeaks
 A heart completely cur'd of jealous fear;
 Nor shall that baneful guest,
 Wak'd by my falsehood, more invade thy breast.
 When beauty, void of faith and truth,
 Beguil'd my wand'ring eye,
 This pensive heart, Ah! gentle youth,
 Could only heave and sigh.
 It did not love, it but admir'd;
 For love's allied to smiles and joy:
 But now, by thy fair virtue fir'd,
 It glows with ecstasy.

Ag. Enough! enough! now did the voice of fate
 Call old AGENOR to the darkling tomb,
 Where sleep his Ancestors, trust me, my children,
 The summons were right welcome. But he lives
 To bless you both, and take from you the blessing,
 Which dear observance of your mutual love,
 Now sheds in streams of joy on his grey hair.
 Haste, Holy Men, the sacrifice prepare.

Pour

Pour libations on the shrine ;
Wake the pipe, the lute, the lyre ;
Let the loudly-warbling choir
In harmonious chorus join.

Doris }
Lycidas } Call the God, that gives desire
Lawful right his joys to share.

Agenor. Bid him warm this willing pair
With his torch of purest fire.

Chorus. Holy Hymen, thou alone
Giv'st to faith and constancy
Fair fruition's lasting crown,
Years of unpolluted joy.

S C E N E VI.

P H A O N *enters to them*

Ag. Ah, whence that step ! what wretch disturbs our
rites ?

Lyc. Gods ! does the Lesbian Traytor dare insult
Chaste Hymen with his presence ?

Ag. Hence ! far hence,
Thou most profane of that inconstant tribe,
Whom Hymen holds accurst.

M 4

Dor.

Dor. Hence, on thy life,
And dread the God's just vengeance.

Pha. Well I know,
I merit all his vengeance ; death befits
The wretch, who murder'd SAPPHO.

Dor. SAPPHO murder'd ?

Lyc. And by thy impious hand ?

Pha. My hand is guiltless ;
Nor is she dead. But know, she flies to Death,
And finds him at Leucate.

Ag. Dread resolve !

Lyc. Learn, DORIS, learn to what dire deeds despair
Can drive a flighted lover.

Ag. Was this act
Her own, or did some Deity inspire it ?

Pha. She talk'd of visions from Apollo sent,
Of some strange Naiad, who proclaim'd his mandate ;
Yet sure 'twas phrenzy all, and caus'd by me :
I therefore murder'd SAPPHO.

Lyc. Sure thou didst.
Think, what a victim to thy falsehood falls !

Ag. She was the very soul of Poesy ;
Form'd by Apollo's self : her tuneful frame
Was the rich lyre, whence all his rapture flow'd.

Dor.

Dor. Nor more attun'd to Poesy, than Love;
Each note she breath'd was melting, as the voice
Of Venus when she wept Adonis dead.

Pha. And had I died before her; died while faithful,
Her lays had crown'd me with that shepherd's fame.

Ag. Go then, disloyal youth, and mourn thy baseness;
Away to cheerless solitude.

Pha. I mean it.

Dor. Bear not to other nymphs thy soft deceits,
Thy winning gestures, thy delusive smiles.

Lyc. Nor hope, as here thou didst, to part two hearts,
Which virtue first united,

Ag. Learn, that beauty,
Were it as bright as gilds Hyperion's cheek,
Save when its bloom inshrines a virtuous heart,
Is only splendid misery.

Pha. This, and more
I patiently can bear. Mix with reproof
Your sharpest taunts, I'll yet endure them all;
For I deserve them all. Yes, to some cave,
Which never chearing sun-beam pierc'd, I'll fly:
There live forlorn; there unlamented die.

Hail,

Hail, horrors, hail ! I come, I come !

Ye caves, o'erhung with savage thorn,

Receive me to your haunts forlorn,

A sad a silent guest ;

Fling round my head your darkest gloom,

And hide me in that living tomb,

Where anguish exiles rest.

[Exit Phaon.]

Ag. Behold his fate, and tremble, ye that dare
To break those chaste and sanctimonious vows,
This Deity approves. But see, what light
Sudden and dazzling sparkles from his symbol !
Behold ! it moves ; it shakes its saffron robe ;
In gentle guise it waves its lambent torch ;
It speaks.

[*The Statue of Hymen during this speech appears animated by degrees, and then utters the following words in accompanied Recitative.*]

Mortals ! to you 'tis given to view,
In bright ideal portraiture, the scene
Now passing at Leucate ; mark it well,
And stamp the awful moral on your souls.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

The Priests of Hymen hasten from the Altar and join the other personages on the front of the stage ; the Temple, Statue, &c. vanishes instantly under a change of scene, which represents the Promontary of Leucate. The portico of a magnificent Temple dedicated to Apollo is seen in perspective on one side ; out of which the Priests of the God come in solemn procession, followed by Sappho and her attendants : a slow pathetic march is played during the time. Two Orchestras are supposed to be necessary in the final Chorus, and one behind the scene at first.

S A P P H O.

Here pause awhile ! be mute,
 Ye warblers, that inspire the Dorian flute,
 While SAPPHO, once the fav'rite of the Nine,
 Nay, if fame bids her not too high aspire,
 Their tuneful sister, to the radiant shrine
 Of this her patron God, perchance her fire,
 Devotes this instrument divine.

[She hangs her Lyre on one of the Pillars.

Lo ! on this column's Parian height
 I hang the glittering freight :
 And hear, ye Priests, with reverence hear
 This verse inscriptive, by my voice decreed
 Memorial of my dying deed.

“ To

Hail, horrors, hail ! I come, I come !

Ye caves, o'erhung with savage thorn,

Receive me to your haunts forlorn,

A sad a silent guest ;

Fling round my head your darkest gloom,

And hide me in that living tomb,

Where anguish exiles rest.

[Exit Phaon.]

Ag. Behold his fate, and tremble, ye that dare
To break those chaste and sanctimonious vows,
This Deity approves. But see, what light
Sudden and dazzling sparkles from his symbol !
Behold ! it moves ; it shakes its saffron robe ;
In gentle guise it waves its lambent torch ;
It speaks.

[*The Statue of Hymen during this speech appears animated by degrees, and then utters the following words in accompanied Recitative.*]

Mortals ! to you 'tis given to view,
In bright ideal portraiture, the scene
Now passing at Leucate ; mark it well,
And stamp the awful moral on your souls.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Priests of Hymen hasten from the Altar and join the other personages on the front of the stage ; the Temple, Statue, &c. vanishes instantly under a change of scene, which represents the Promontary of Leucate. The portico of a magnificent Temple dedicated to Apollo is seen in perspective on one side ; out of which the Priests of the God come in solemn procession, followed by Sappho and her attendants : a slow pathetic march is played during the time. Two Orchestras are supposed to be necessary in the final Chorus, and one behind the scene at first.

SAPPHO.

Here pause awhile ! be mute,
 Ye warblers, that inspire the Dorian flute,
 While SAPPHO, once the fav'rite of the Nine,
 Nay, if fame bids her not too high aspire,
 Their tuneful sister, to the radiant shrine
 Of this her patron God, perchance her fire,
 Devotes this instrument divine.

[She hangs her Lyre on one of the Pillars.

Lo ! on this column's Parian height
 I hang the glittering freight :
 And hear, ye Priests, with reverence hear
 This verse inscriptive, by my voice decreed
 Memorial of my dying deed.

“ To

" To Him, that did inspire,
 " SAPPHO to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre.
 " What suits with SAPPHO, Phœbus, suits with thee ;
 " The gift, the giver, and the God agree." *
 This off'ring made, my faithful virgin train,
 Take ye my last adieu, and from my fate
 Learn to distrust false man, if not to hate.

[*She ascends the rock.*

Tremendous Rock ! I mount thee now ;
 And now I reach thy dreadful brow.
 O giddy brain support the sight !
 See, how the surge, as black as night,
 Rolls horribly below !
 It rolls—sad solace to despair.
 It's awful murmurs strike my ear.
 I faint—I tremble—Powers on high,
 Ah ! hasten from your sky :
 Catch from perdition this devoted head.
 Does Zephyr sleep ? will Cupid bring
 No soft, no tutelary wing
 To waft me to my watry bed ?

N O T E.

* This inscription is borrowed from Mr. POPE's Translation of Ovid's Epistle on the subject. His version was too perfect to admit any attempt at another.

Hear,

Hear, God of Love, 'tis SAPPHO calls!

Dread Deity! 'tis SAPPHO falls.

[She throws herself from the rock; a clap of thunder is heard, and a swan is seen rising from the sea, and ascending to the clouds.]

Concluding CHORUS, with both Orchestras.

PRIESTS of APOLLO, HYMEN, AGENOR, &c.

Great Jove himself arrests her fate!

Hail, prodigy divine!

She soars a swan in plummy state;

To Jove she soars, to claim

In Heav'n a residence divine,

On Earth immortal fame.

END OF THE OPERA.

ARGENTILE

AND

CURAN

LEGENDARY DRAMA

WRITTEN ON THE OLD

ENGLISH MODEL

ABOUT THE YEAR 1500

LET IT BE CONSIDERED NOT A TRAGEDY

FOR IT IS NOT

AN ENGLISH DRAMA

IN THE

ARGENTILE
AND
CURAN,
A
LEGENDARY DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN ON THE OLD
ENGLISH MODEL.

About the year 1766.

This is nor Comedy nor Tragedy
Nor Historie.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Prologue to
the Captain.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M E N.

KING ADELBRIGHT, } Joint Sovereigns of Bernicia
KING EDEL, } and Dēira.

CURAN, Prince of Denmark.

SEWOLD, the Danish Envoy.

OSWALD, a Saxon Earl.

EDWIN, his Son.

The PRIOR of Whitby Abbey.

TWO SAXON LORDS.

The KING'S FALCONER.

RALPH, his Deputy.

A DANISH OFFICER.

MONKS and NUNS of Whitby Abbey, Attendants, &c.

W O M E N.

ARGENTILE, Daughter of KING ADELBRIGHT.

EDITHA, her Attendant.

The SCENE, sometime in and about the Castle of Whitby,
afterwards in the Valley of Hackness.

The Story is taken from an old narrative Poem, called
ALBION'S ENGLAND, written by W. WARNER, and it is to be
found in Dr. PERCY's Reliques of antient English Poetry,
Vol. 2, Page 233, first edition; but is here much more altered,
than was customary with our old Dramatists.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

M E M

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The great hall in the Castle of Whitby. Enter a solemn procession of the Prior, Monks, and Sisterhood of St. Hilda's Abbey, before King Adelbright, who is borne in a chair of state, sick; King Edel, the Princess Argentile, Lord Oswald, and other Courtiers attending. The Monks and Nuns sing the following dirge:

CHORUS.

HOLY HILDA! hear, and aid,

While, our aged KING we bear,
To thy shrine, thou sainted Maid,

HILDA holy aid, and hear!

A Monk. He, whose head a crown invested,

Bows to thee that dying head;

Be his truth in Heav'n attested,

Holy HILDA hear, and aid!*

NOTE.

* The last line repeated in Chorus in every subsequent Stanza.

A Nun. He, whose hands a sceptre wielded,
Lifts to thee those hands in pray'r;
Be his soul from danger shielded,
HILDA holy aid, and hear!

Prior. Faith doth lead him to thy altar,
There his languid limbs to spread,
If in prayer his accents falter,
Holy HILDA hear, and aid!

A Monk. Waft to Heav'n each faint petition
In seraphic accents clear;
Pleas'd perform that blest commission;
HILDA holy aid, and hear!

A Nun. And, when Death shall free his spirit,
Snatch it from the furnace red;
Bid it endless bliss inherit;
Holy HILDA hear, and aid!

[*The dirge ended, King Adelbright is brought forward
to the middle of the stage.*]

A D E L B R I G H T.

Yet bear me forward; now set down your burthen;
And stand, I pray ye, from me, that the air
Have readier passage to my labouring breast.

Ed. How fares our brother now!

Ad. In sooth, King EDEL,

Death

Death lays that iron mace upon this shoulder
 That oft has quell'd a stouter; some few hours
 And he will chill what little blood still creeps
 In these lank veins. Nay, do not weep, my sweet
 My gentle ARGENTILE; thy Father, child,
 Is going but to where his went before him,
 And whither thou, and all, when Heav'n so wills,
 Must follow him; yet goes he full of days,
 And full of, what this oft-misdeeming world
 Calls, honour; yet, if honour'd false, I trust
 Still unreach'd; for so his conscience whispers,
 And in a voice as soothing as the sound
 Of this sweet minstrelsy: Do not then weep.
 For tho' thy Father leaves thee, ARGENTILE;
 Not fatherless he leaves thee; trust me, child,
 While this good man, our kingly brother, lives,
 Thou ne'er wilt want a father.

Ed. By the rood
 There borne, that hallow'd rood——

[*Pointing to one of the Crosses borne in the procession.*]

Ad. No oath, King EDEL,
 'Twere here sworn needlessly; couldst thou be false,
 As sure thou canst not in some lighter cause,
 This, in itself, bears its own pledge of faith.

For ARGENTILE is of that courteous kind,
 So all made up of dove-like gentleness,
 The veriest churl, if brib'd to do her wrong,
 Would inly yearn, and, his remorseful heart
 Turn truant to his purpose.—Still thou weep'st—
 [To Argentile.]

Arg. That do I, Sir, and must; yet not from fear
 (I trust my uncle gives my words belief)
 That he should treat me (you Sir with the blest)
 Other than kindly; yet I weep, and must,
 To see, what shortly I must see no more,
 A father, fondest of all fathers, give
 His dying moments to his daughter's weal.
 And must I lose him? Heav'n!

Ad. Such is Heav'n's will;
 And, to its high and uncontroll'd behests,
 Let all like me give the prostration meet
 Of heart, as well as head. Yet will I own
 (Had it so pleas'd the giver of all good)
 I could have wished, or e'er I left thee, child,
 To have affixt, with my own hand, the signet
 Unto that nuptial treaty which consigns thee
 To Denmark's youthful heir; this to confirm
 Ev'n now an embassy is on the seas,
 If not within our ports.

Arg.

Arg. In luckless time

Surely it comes ; is this a time to think

Of love, or marriage?

Ad. Dearest ARGENTILE,

Pray thee forbear to interrupt my speech ;

Words now are precious to me. With thee, Brother,

I leave this weighty business. Be it thine

To see our Daughter, with the royal dower

That I have left, wedded to Denmark's heir.

To which, if, on thy part, it shall thee please

To add such feoffs as may beseem the worth

Of fair Dëira, reign thou then sole King

Of all Northumberland ; and she, with dower

Thus amplified by thee, shall hence to Denmark.

But, if thou mak'st election still to rule

With sway united, we do trust the Dane,

If fame belies not his fair qualities,

Will prove to thee a son, his Queen thy daughter ;

So shall, in both, the loss be recompens'd

Of us thy loving Brother.

Ed. ADELERIGHT,

So mercy shield me as I rest well-pleas'd

With this sweet Princess, and the royal Dane,

Jointly to rule Bernicia, and Dëira.

Ad. We like it well ; and in full proof we do,
 See, to thy hands we trust this peerless gem,
 Soul of our soul, our gentle ARGENTILE.
 Now let her kneel before me, while these palms
 On her dear head seal my last blessing. “ Hear
 “ Thou Virgin pure ! hear, Queen of highest Heav’n,
 “ A father’s earnest prayer ! O blest my child
 “ With length of days, and not one day be dimm’d
 “ With lack of honour ! may the realm she rules,
 “ In right of me, be blest, and she by it ;
 “ Ev’n by th’ allegiance of a well-rul’d people !—
 Prior of Whitby, now, all that remain’d
 Of worldly care is finish’d ; what few hours
 Of life are left to Heav’n we consecrate,
 And holy rites ; bear me, my chamberlains,
 Unto the Abbey. ARGENTILE, King EDEL,
 OSWALD attend us to the chauntry steps ;
 And there farewell ; then, at St. HILDA’s shrine,
 These holy men shall spread my dying limbs,
 And sing my requiem ; for, at that high shrine,
 Old ADELBRIGHT doth wish to breathe his last.

[*Exeunt the King borne, Edel, &c. attending the
 Choir repeating the Dirge.*

Manent

Manent two LORDS.

F. Lord. Go, and Heav'n's holiest band of Saints
receive thee!

Go, for the goodliest piece of Majesty
That ever blest Dēira. Yet, methinks,
Old as thou art, thou dost too hastily
Make this devotement of thy soul to Heav'n,
Had I been thee, ev'n to life's latest gasp
This act had been delay'd, however holy;
If, by such lett, fair ARGENTILE might gain
A surer tenure in her father's rights
Than lip-security.

S. Lord. Do others also
Nourish suspicious doubts? beshrew me, Lord,
But I was giv'n to hope the yellow fiend
Haunted me singly; nay was prompt to chide
My brain for giving the base inmate harbour.

F. Lord. Nay, my good Lord, suspicions like to thine
Be but too rife; a mean clerk he must be,
Who cannot spell so much i'th' page of man
As may afford him scope to comment grossly
On EDEL's late demeanor; and, from thence,
To frame sad forecast of what soon may turn
To this poor realm's mishap. This he may do
And be no prophet neither.

S. Lord. Certes, Sir,
 Since good King ADELBRIGHT took to his chamber,
 His Brother, vested with the double purple,
 Did teach that robe to puff and swell about him
 Ev'n to a tyrant size.—But, see, here comes
 Lord OSWALD, and his honest eye doth borrow
 Enough of the hawk's keenness, I not doubt,
 To see as far as we do, happily further,
 In this black prospect. Health to noble OSWALD!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Now mercy shield me, friends, from so much
 thriving.

What with their vigils, penances, and bead-work,
 These Priests have worn out our old Master sooner
 Than he that made him meant. Call a Physician,
 He'll let your soul alone; let him but plague
 Your body, he, good leach, rests satisfied.
 But, if you trust a Monk with your soul's cure,
 Trust me, not soul alone but body pays for it.

F. Lord. Shrewdly remark'd; but say, my noble Lord,
 How left ye the good King?

Osw. Ev'n as I tell you
 O'erdone with sanctity. Hast thou ne'er seen
 A steed of generous blood, when over-weighted,

Lag

Lag e'er his latest stage, which, but for that,
 Had paced with spirit to his journey's end,
 And neigh'd at his ungirthing. Sirs, I left him,
 Just where he bade us, at the chauntry steps;
 The lovely Princess, over-charg'd with grief,
 Was led in private, thro' the garden postern,
 Back to the castle by her now step-father.
 Pray Heav'n, his sex may make him scape the proverb.

S. Lord. That little word, good Earl, which now you
 drop

Gives us to think your fears do square with ours,
 Ev'n but too nicely.

Ofw. What, for quoting ye
 A thread-bare proverb! Troth a pleasant jest.
 What are all step-things curst! my gallants twain,
 I find my tongue must wear a closer curb
 Whene'er I let it amble in your purlieus.

S. Lord. There is no need.

Ofw. Nay, be there need, or not,
 I scarce shall have the caution. I have ever
 Giv'n forth my free thoughts freely, and am now
 Too old for closer training. Take then, Sire,
 My mind unmask'd. I do indeed distrust
 Our now sole Master, with a phlegm as fixt,
 As e'er a subject did.

F. Lord.

F. Lord. And I.

S. Lord. And I.

Osw. And many more, I trust, right honest men
Not present at our parley ; for myself
Thus far conceive me, I shall closely watch
King EDEL's 'haviour ; and, if I perceive
From his bleak quarter comes that blighting wind
May nip the blossom'd hopes of ARGENTILE,
I'll be that broad old oak shall shield them from it.

F. Lord. So doing, noble OSWALD, thou wilt prove
Thou hold'st the memory of our good old Master
As dear, as, when alive, thou held'st his person.

Osw. My friends, I lov'd my good King fervently ;
These salt tears speak it, for they course down cheeks
Not wont to find them channels, but at times
When the moist dew becomes them. Nature made me
Of her mixt metal, but I trust no base one,
Much more of steel, than silver ; yet of this
Enough for honest pliancy ; but not
To spin me out, as wire, just as you list.
For tho' you see me now like very wax,
Yet, strive to mould me to a traitor shape,
I'll break before I bend ; thus of himself
Old OSWALD boasts, and, tho' himself's the boaster,
He wrongs him that mistrusts him. Sirs, farewell.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to a state apartment in the Castle, enter King Edel leading in the Princess Argentile.

EDEL.

Enough of tears, fair ARGENTILE, enough.

Arg. Never enough, my Lord, when such the cause.

Ed. If so, I fear me that the smiles will come
Full tardily, which my parental fondness
Shall hourly plead for.

Arg. Gratitude, good uncle,
Can dwell with sorrow. Nay, in that same eye,
Where she sits bath'd in tears, can dart a gleam
Will brighten all the face as it were joy,
And yet keep weeping still. I've mark'd it oft
In many a sorrowing maid, whom I have cheer'd,
And wept to see it so, and that too cheer'd them.
Please you, my Lord, I'll to my chamber; there
Kind EDITHA will give that comfort to me,
Which grief best loves, a sigh of sympathy.

[Exit Argentile.]

Ea.

Ed. (solus) I much suspect me this same simple maid,
Young as she is, and surely all unredde
In the world's craft, doth nourish doubts within her
Touching my tenderness; why, be it so;
I must not for the pulings of a girl
Forgo my heart's high purpose; how now Usher?

Enter an U S H E R.

Ush. The Prior comes, and craves admittance, Sire,

Ed. Admit him, and, as thou dost dread our frown,
Ward off whate'er may interrupt our converse. [*Exit Usher.*]

Enter the P R I O R.

How fares our Brother now?

Pri. He seems, my Soy'reign,
To death no nearer now, than some hours past,
Perchance, or days. He thought, as he approach'd
St. HILDA's shrine, a genial heat spread o'er him
Which cheer'd him much; whether the hidden powers
Salubrious, that in those chaste reliques dwell,
(For many have they heal'd) or whether nature,
Struggling within, had gain'd some little 'vantage—

Ed. I pray thee, PRIOR, spare me thy surmises.
Thou sayest he lives, think'st thou it possible
He should live long?

Pri. That Heav'n's high Queen best knows;
Yet, if he should, his vital force so spent,

It

It were a miracle, and ought to bring
No vulgar off'rings to our hallow'd shrine.

Ed. True to his trade, I find the greedy Priest
Looks out for more oblations. I have means
Surer than these to wind him to my purpose. *(Aside.)*
But give me, holy man, thy very thought
Touching the nature of his malady.

Pri. 'Tis seated in his breast; for lack of spring,
His lungs play heavily.

Ed. With such an ailment,
Many have struggled long.

Pri. And so may he;
But the thick air, breath'd in this peopled town,
Is poison in his case. The cold dense fogs,
We borrow from the sea, our briny neighbour,
Alike augments his danger; were he mov'd
To some wide inland vale—

Ed. We know thy meaning,
And much approve it; but we fear, if helpt
By such removal, he will ne'er be cur'd,
Nor fit again to steer the helm of State.

Pri. That, good my Liege, he will not. Other cares,
Of weightiest import to his after peace,
Have long possess'd him; I, and all that wish
Weal to his better part can never hope it.

Ed.

Ed. Good man! I think thou dost not know me.

Pri. No, my Sov'reign,
Your younger hands, helpt by your bolder head,
Will abler rein a nation, so stiff-neck'd
As this, that Providence now bids you rule.

Ed. We know not that; we know but our good meaning,
Not our ability. But this we know
That, tho' our Brother was in very deed
A nursing father to our holy church,
We will not be behind him in that duty.
Nay we will soon shew this by one bold act
Which he, from feebleness of spirit, fail'd in.

Pri. As how, my Liege?

Ed. Mark well my words, good PRIOR,
Thou know'st the Prelate proud of Canterbury
Doth hold a jurisdiction in these realms,
Which, as of right, pertains to the See of York.

Pri. I know, and much lament it gracious Sir.

Ed. The Pope doth favour Canterbury's claim,
And mitred York submits to his behests;
So did our Brother too; but EDEL scorns
Such mean submission, and will soon depose
York's recreant Bishop, and his pastoral staff,
With ample powers o'er all Northumberland,
Give to thy surer grasp.

Pri.

Pri. Your humble headman
Is bound, for aye, to crook his aged knee—
Not that I wish—to the high task unequal,
Such proud advancement. What befits the weal
Of holy church, you, and the saints best know.

Ed. Of this enough at present. To thy care
We trust our Brother. But of this take heed,
That none approach him, save thyself, and those
Thou may'st securely trust. Spread too the rumour
That he is dead, and, after sitting space,
Announce his burial; he himself did chuse
Private interment; this will give it credit.
To-morrow, if thou find'st his health still better,
Give me the news. We then will take thy council
Touching his change of place.

Pri. What if, my Liege,
The better to relieve both soul and body,
We lead him to religious solitude;
His frame of mind will meet us in that matter.

Ed. It may be well; we'll speak of that hereafter,
But know at present this; each pious art,
That makes of him a saint, makes me thy friend.

Enter U. S. H. E. R.
How now? did we not will we should be private?

U. S. H. E. R.

Usp. SEWOLD, Ambassador from Royal Denmark,
Demands an audience.

Ed. He doth come full soon :
Yet am I now prepar'd to give him audience.
Admit the Dane. *Prior* good speed to thee.

[*Exit Prior.*]

[*King Edel seats himself in a Chair of State ; a short flourish of trumpets. Enter Sewold between two Heralds bearing on their breasts for device the Danish raven. Prince Curan in disguise enters with the rest of the train.*]

E D E L.

My Lord Ambassador we greet you well.
Yet, e'er ye open your commission to us,
(Of which we wot the purport) it behoves us
To tell you, what the cloud upon our brow
Speaks but too plain, our Royal Brother's dead.

Sew. Landing, dread Sir, news met us of his sickness.

Ed. That sickness was death's harbinger. This known,
We need not add you come in luckless time,
A time, which neither from the piercing grief
That rends our soul, nor, for the meet respect
We owe his obsequies, will suffer us
To turn unto that business, which from Denmark
Ye have in charge.

Sew.

Sew. Due decency forbid,
 Much as my Sov'reign wishes to complete
 The treaty, that his Envoy should, with haste
 Unseemly, press it. If it please your Highness,
 We patiently will sojourn here some days,
 And wait the fit occasion. Meanwhile, Sir,
 Think me not rude, if I request an audience
 Of princely ARGENTILE, I, and my train;
 That, in the name of Denmark and his heir,
 We, to her grief, may that condolence give
 Our mutual loss demands.

Ed. Now out, alas!
 Our niece is ev'n a martyr to her sorrow;
 The lilly, broken by the pelting hail,
 Is not more forely shent than ARGENTILE,
 Yet say it were not so, our open nature,
 For frankness we do hold a King's best virtue,
 Prompts us to tell you we have scruples, Dane,
 Touching these nuptials; nay, for why should we
 Mask our true thoughts? we have much more than scruples,
 A well-weigh'd judgment, and by that pronounce
 Our niece of age too tender yet for marriage.

Sew. Dread Sir, your Kingly Brother thought not so,
 But, of his own first thought, did urge the alliance
 To yielding Denmark.

Ed. We admit he did,
Yet was his daughter all averse to nuptials,
And is so still. That daughter, by his death,
Is now our tenderest charge. To thwart her wishes
At such a time, nay, when those wishes speak
With the soft voice of virgin chastity,
Would ill become an uncle that reveres,
And loves her virtues.

Sew. Surely royal **EDEL**—

Ed. Bear with us, Lord Ambassador, we cannot
Enter at full on all those weighty causes,
That now oblige us to curtail your audience:
Take our best thoughts in sum. On our true faith
We honour Denmark much, and much do wish
A firm alliance with his Soy'reignty.
This to insure, we know the match in question
Is a firm tye; if therefore in a year,
Or rather twain, he chuses to repeat
This embassy.

Sew. Now by the hopes of Denmark,
The Prince, his son—

Ed. Is but some eighteen past,
And well may give the truce, that we demand,
To our young niece's coynefs. This besides,
Know,

Know, we have many other cogent reasons
 Here all unsaid, which, when our Brother Denmark
 Is well appriz'd of, we do nothing doubt
 He'll praise our prudence. These, in ample sort,
 Soon will we set forth in a fair memorial,
 And send unto his Court. Blame not our briefness,
 The weight of two wide kingdoms resting on us
 Must plead our full excuse. Most noble Envoy,
 Our Senechalls have it in charge to treat you
 As fits your quality; ourselves, alas,
 Are all unable in our present sorrows
 To give you festive greeting. Sir, commend us
 To Royal Denmark; and a prosperous gale
 Spread your returning sails. [Exit Edel and train.]

Manent SEWOLD and CURAN.

[Who comes forward hastily from the Attendants of the
 Embassy.]

CURAN.

By all my Ancestors,
 I will not hence, till this imperious King
 Permit I see the Princess.

Sew. Gracious Sir,
 Vent not in such loud tone your just displeasure,
 Should we be noted,

Cur. Does he think that CURAN,
 Ev'n for that honour, which he owes his country,
 Will bear th' indignity; not see the Princess?
 Tyrant, I will! for therefore came I hither;
 And Denmark ne'er shall call that errand thrifless,
 For which her Prince disguis'd him like a peasant.

Sew. Yet hear me, CURAN, or a speedy ruin—

Cur. What ruin? SEWOLD, I will own myself
 The Heir of Denmark, can he then refuse
 An instant audience?

Sew. Ah, rash Prince, bethink thee
 Wherefore thou art disguis'd; is't not to hide
 The Heir of Denmark? rightly didst thou doubt,
 That, fair as fame blazons this virgin's charms,
 The blazon might be false; therefore this masking,
 That thou unnotic'd might'st behold the Princess,
 And pass thy own true judgment on her charms.
 The veil thrown off, thou throw'st away its use;
 And must, perforce, ev'n if she prove most homely,
 Proceed to nuptial union; as a Prince
 Thou canst not then recede.

Cur. SEWOLD, I can;
 He sets me the example.

Sew. Hapless youth!

Have I then all in vain pour'd on thine ear
 The love of honour, that, with virtuous thirst,
 Still drank it gladly? Has my moral pencil
 So oft portray'd the forms of truth and falsehood,
 In their just lineaments, to thy mind's eye;
 And hast thou lov'd the one, and scorn'd the other,
 Unbid, save by the voice that bade within?
 Thou know'st thou hast; say then, shall one example,
 Base as it is, and as thou feel'st it is,
 Undo?—

Cur. Ah, spare me, SEWOLD, spare the rest,
 And let the blush, that tingles on my cheek,
 Implore thy pardon. I forgot myself;
 Forgot that thou, my master, and my friend,
 Heard the rash word—I am myself again.
 Yet, SEWOLD, e'er we go, means must be found
 To see the Princess.

Sew. After such affront
 Cast on the absent Majesty of Denmark—

Cur. Nay, SEWOLD, now thy reason, in its turn,
 Meets the mad shock of passion; EDG's fault
 Leaves his niece blameless.

Sew. True; and could it be
 That, e'er we left th' inhospitable shore,

A fit occasion offer'd, I should wish
 Thine eye might make of her, its wish'd decision;
 That so each nation might, from speedy broils,
 Perhaps, be freed; for, prove she common fair,
 As is the general lot of half her sex,
 I trust thou would'st not pay, for such a Queen,
 A single subject's life.

Cur. But, if she prove
 That paragon of charms, that bright ey'd Phoenix,
 Which rumour paints her, I will make this Saxon
 Produce me other pleas than tender age,
 To step between her beauty and my love.

Sew. What, Prince, if we retire? and near our ships
 Rest us encamp'd, till her dead father's bones
 Be solemnly inhum'd.

Cur. A public audience,
 I think, King ED EL ever will refuse.

Sew. And so think I.

Cur. I have a plan, my SEWOLD;
 Give it thy patient hearing. In this garb
 No Saxon can suspect my quality.
 Go, thou unto the fleet, while I wait here
 And make my way t' her presence as a Page.
 Or rather—yes, that is the likelier plot,

TH

I'll change my garb with my young Minstrel **Rolland**;
 Thou know'st I can to touch our Danish harp;
 As by my practis'd skill to gain her ear.
 Is't not a likely plot?

Sew. What leave my Prince
 With strangers, and, if all like **EDEL**, foes?

Cur. Thou dost not leave thy Prince, too wary **SEWOLD**;
 Thou leav'st a minstrel; and what land so savage,
 Where minstrels cannot practice their lov'd art
 In honor'd safety? All men hold them sacred;
 Thy office hardly more so. This besides,
 Bethink thee of those truths, thyself hast taught me,
 When, in thy lecture, as was oft thy wont,
 Thou weigh'd'st, in wisdom's balance, what the poize
 Of princely, and of peasant happiness.
 In one bright scale lay riches, pomp, and power;
 In th' other, health, content, and quiet slumbers.
 On that side, poisons, plots, assassinations;
 On this, security, and careless ease.
 These last are now my lot. I'm the safe peasant;
 And mean to prove, by fair experiment,
 That thy sage saws were true. Nay, my best **SEWOLD**,
 If thou forbid'st me use that good discretion,
 Thy schooling taught me, I must say thou think'st
 I am no docile pupil.

Sew. Dearest Prince,

It is my joy, my pride, that I have taught thee
To cope with difficulties greater far
Than this may seem: for, as experience taught me,
How seldom Princes know to act like men,
I've shewn thee what man is; and therefore led thee,
Thro' many an unfrequented path of life,
That greatness scantily wots of: Bade thee mark
That plain unsightly plant, call'd Human Nature,
When sprouting forth spontaneous; how far culture
Improves its form; and what the force of art
To call forth its best bloom. How too that art,
Like a too rank and too nutritious soil,
Oft marring its purpose, turning to vain leaf
What else had borne a plenteous crop of virtues.
These truths to learn, the best the world can teach,
We've pac'd thro' cities, villages, and forests,
Sometimes a pilgrim I, with cockled hat,
And thou the stripling bearer of my wallet.

Cur. And, in such masking, own to me my Sewold,
Did I e'er fail to play the part thou bad'st me?

Sew. In sooth thou didst not.

Cur. Therefore, holy pilgrim,
Suppose me now gone a short stone's cast from thee,

To

To crave an alms at some fat yeoman's porch.

"A mite for charity! give you good den,

"A mite for sweet St. Bridget! My old father,

"A pilgrim worn with penances to shrines,

"Half spent with journeying, lies in yonder dell.

"God's Mother shield you! give an oaten crust

"To break our craving fasts," why this is all

The danger, if you leave me in this castle.

Sew. Delicate Prince, I own there is not much;
Train'd as thou art, there is not much, I think,

I here may leave thee safely. But not long—

Cur. But for two little days, perhaps but one.

Sew. And where shall I await thee?

Cur. My best SEWOLD,

Thou know'st, when we did quit our anchor'd barks,

We crost a pleasant valley; rather say

A nest of sister vales, o'erhung with hills

Of varied form and foliage; every vale

Had its own proper brook, the which it hugg'd

In its green breast, as if it fear'd to lose

The treasur'd chrystal. You might mark the course

Of these cool rills more by the ear, than eye;

For, tho' they oft would to the sun unfold

Their silver as they pass, 'twas quickly lost;

But

But ever did they murmur. On the verge
 Of one of these clear streams there stood a cell
 O'ergrown with moss, and ivy; near to which,
 On a fall'n trunk, that bridg'd the little brook,
 A hermit sat. Of him we ask'd the name
 Of that sweet valley, and he call'd it Hakeness.
 Thither my SEWOLD go, or pitch thy tent
 Near to thy ships, for they are near the scene.
 Nay, to the fleet I'll bear thee company,
 And pass the coming night; so will the Saxons
 Think we have left their land, then, on the morrow,
 With harp in hand, and wallet at my side,
 I'll back to Whitby. SEWOLD fear me not
 Surest success must crown our ripen'd plot. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Gate of the Castle.

*Enter the Falconer and Ralph bearing two Falcons hooded
for the field.*

FALCONER.

Now a murrain on thee, Ralph! did I not bid thee to
fist the blank Falcon with the bare breast? He, that on our
last day's sport, flew so lusty a flight after the two Herons.

Ral. The bird was full gorg'd, Master; and marvel it
is, that there was one, unfed up, in the mew; for who
would have thought that the King would have been
minded to hawk to day?

Fal. Who would have thought! there it is now; as
if it became thee, Ralph, to think? No, Ralph no;
thinking, let me tell thee, hardly becomes thy betters.
I, now, for example, whose style and title on the Cham-
berlain's roll stands thus, "His Majesty's first Yeoman
Falconer," whereas thou writest thyself, or rather they
write for thee, *sub*, that is to say *subaltern*, which means
no more than a mere underling. Now mark me, I, as
being thy principal, should be principally entitled to
think; was thinking, as I before noted, any part of
our office.

Ral.

Ral. Nevertheless thoughts be free, Master; and will come into our brain whether they be in office or not.— Therefore I cannot help thinking that if one Royal Brother had been coffin'd before the other, that is to say instead of the other, that Brother would not have taken his pastime thus timelessly.

Fal. Drinking thou know'st, Ralph, drives care away, and why may not hawking serve the same good purpose? However this be, his Majesty being minded to hawk, we, look you, must be minded to have our matters in readiness. Therefore cope me that Tarsels talons, and fasten the leafe to his jesses more tightly. Mercy on me, what bells be these? Silver, sterling silver tho' they be, they look no better than base pewter, cleanse me them with the lappit of thy leathern doublet, and that instantly. Ha! what younker have we here thus fantastically accoutered?

Ral. Belike it be some scape-goat from the Danish flock, for I saw two or three in the like trim, when the Ambassador took his departure.

Enter CURAN. [Drest as a Minstrel.]

Cur. Give you good day, my masters; 'tis my wish To rest awhile on this same portal bench, If so no churlish porter would be angry.

Fal. A smooth tongued stripling, and withal honestly featur'd;

featur'd ; sit where it listeth thee, for thou seemest, my pretty boy, to have outrun thy strength.

Cur. Say rather I've outrun my breath, good Falconer ; Give me a moment's pause, and these young legs, I think, would bear me up a morning's sport Close at your Coursers heel, nor should your hawks, What time they darted at their feathered prey, So fleetly pounce, but I would catch their game Warm as it fell, or e'er it touched the ground.

Fal. Why, when I was of thy age, stripling, and as lithe in the joints, I have often verified thy boast, let me tell thee.

Cur. Doth the King hawk to-day ?

Fal. He is so minded, my fair Youth, we are here waiting his forth-coming.

Cur. Say then, if, to beguile the ling'ring times, I touch my harp, and chaunt to it a song, Would it be welcome to thy ear, good Falconer ?

Fal. Troth would it, my sweet lad ; provided the burthen of thy song be not too tedious, and that the measure mar not the sense, as is too often the case with the new-fangled measures now a days.

Cur. Fear it not, Falconer, it shall be a song, Of which a Northern Prince, some ages gone, Fram'd both the rhymes and music ; thou wilt find

From

From its sad burthen that he woo'd a Princess
Of cruel sort, who mock'd his loving suit.

Fal. There be others besides Princesses, youth, who be such like mockers. I have heretofore met one myself in no nobler a shape than that of a miller's daughter. Tho' I was ev'n then in the King's patent service, and as tall of my inches as thou seest me at present. I will therefore have a fellow feeling for thy Prince, having experienced Dorcas's cruelty. Ale however helpt me to master my passion, and I prescribe the same remedy to thee, if thou ever should'st come to years of discretion, and should'st chance to be in the same plight: for there be ten excellent qualities in your sound bodied ale, the first —

Ral. Nay, master, if thou tellest him what these qualities be, in the same sermon-like way thou hast often divided them in my hearing, the King will be here e'er we have the lad's ditty; and my ears tingle for it.

Fal. Come on then, my dainty minstrel; we will have thy song first.

CURAN Sings.

[See the song entitled that of *Harold the Valiant*, in page 138 of this volume, and of which he is supposed to perform to his Harp one or more stanzas, till interrupted by the entrance of King Edel with Lords attending him to the field. He speaks to one of them entering.]

EDEL.

Go to, go to,
 We will not waste one thought upon the Dane.
 He goes displeased. Why be it so; our state
 Sits not so loosely on its well-laid base,
 That Denmark, let him put his best strength to it,
 Can shake its firmness. Said'st thou not their fleet
 Were sail'd? whence then is this young minstrel?
 He wears the Danish livery.

Lord. Sir, I know not.

[Curan throws himself at the King's feet.]

Cur. My gracious Liege, for I will call thee mine,
 For, if not mine, where may I find another.
 Friendless, forlorn, left on a foreign coast,
 By those whose ruthless hearts forbid my tongue
 To call them countrymen. O sacred Sir,
 Take pity on my wretched state; command
 Some of your train to find me an employ,
 The lowest not too low for present trial,
 Till after proof of duty find me friends
 May plead, in my behalf, to your dread ear.
 Meanwhile I would not rust in idleness,
 That bane of youth, and what too soon might dull
 The small, yet practiced, faculties I boast.

Ed.

Ed. Thou talk'st it smoothly, stripling, yet we fear
 Thou art some eldritch truant, who has dar'd
 Thy vassalage throw off, or else, perchance,
 For some committed fraud, has fled the stripes
 Due to dishonesty.

Cur. Think not thus harshly,
 Great Monarch, of your slave. Know, I was born
 Of honest parents, virtuously brought up
 In fear of God, and man. My aged father
 Doth now in Denmark's court, and in the presence,
 Strike the chief harp, first of the minstrel band.
 Me to Lord SEWOLD's train did he promote,
 For that his Excellence did much applaud
 My growing skill, and gave him cause to hope
 Fair ARGENTIL'S, Prince CURAN's desired spouse,
 Would, if she heard me touch the harp before her,
 Make me her minstrel. In this hope I left
 My lov'd and loving father. On the sea,
 Full sorely was I sick, sick ev'n to death;
 And, for remembrance of those piercing pangs
 I own I loiter'd ('twas my only crime)
 The hindmost, when Lord SEWOLD parted hence,
 Which known the Earl, with many a rigid menace,
 Bad me "seek here those honors from the Saxons

That

That he had fail'd to find." These were his words;
 Withal forbidding the remorseful shipmates
 To let me mount the vessel. Cruel Dane!
 I saw thee hoist thy sails, and call'd for pity;
 I saw thy shallop fleetly cut the waves,
 And call'd for pity, till my aching eye
 Lost sight of the last barque: Then on the strand,
 Fell I as dead; till youth and nature struggling
 Brought back unwelcome life. O gracious King!
 Take pity on that helpless Minstrel Boy,
 Who found none from his countrymen.

Ed. In sooth,
 My Lords, this Danish boy doth tell his tale
 With such a bold and plain simplicity,
 As much persuadeth us he speaks us true.
 Hast thou, my boy, good skill in minstrelsy?

Cur. So, Sire, to say would be too bold a vaunt;
 For higher of that noble art I deem
 And its try'd mystery, than yet to boast
 I had arriv'd at ev'n the midmost pitch
 Of Music's high perfection.

Fal. Please you, my Liege, the lad is too modest. If
 his fingers went by clock-work they could not wrestle
 with the wires more actively, nor, if a skylark roosted in

his throat, could he carrol to them more deliciously; he's
the very prince of minstrels.

Ed. Peace, knave, and mind thy hawks, and not his
harp.

Cur. If it seem good unto my gracious Lord,
I'll run to th' field at his proud courser's side,
And there some moments, e'er the game be sprung
Or at default, make essay of my art.
On this slight instrument, striving my best
To sooth his princely ear.

Ed. Come on then, boy,
We there will try thy skill. My Lords, to horse
And meet us at the bridge, that spans the mote.
Ourselves at the west postern mean to mount.

[*Exeunt severally, Curan following the King.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden within the walls of the Castle.

Enter ARGENTILE and EDITHA, with Baskets.

EDITHA.

Nay, sweetest Mistress, share with me the pains,
If it be pains, amid these beds of fragrance
To cull such buds and blooms, as best deserve
To fill our wicker garners. Therefore came we;

'Twas

'Twas of your own free choice ; you laid the talk
 Would help to chafe your sorrows. See, my Princess,
 How deep a blush, beyond its red compeers,
 This rose has caught from the warm kiss of Phœbus !
 That, tho' its neighbour, and as far remov'd
 From shade and cold, yet glows not half so crimson.
 Is it the fault oth' sun ? No ; he kind suitor
 Makes love to both alike. Perchance, my Mistress,
 That flower, like some coy maids, makes more ado
 E'er it will warm to kindness.

Arg. Peace, fond babbler !

Ed. Nay, now I vow, had I so bright a suitor,
 That blest me with such gallant visitation,
 I'd not do thus, nor turn my pale cheek from him,
 But bid him welcome with a buxom blush,
 Like this free flower, and thank him for his favours.
 Were it not best, what think you ?

Arg. Prithee, peace.

I know thou mean'st to cheer me by this prattle ;
 But 'twill not be—come, let us count our thefts :
 We've done, methinks, ev'n robbery enough
 On these sweet beds.

Ed. See here ! besides these roses
 Are lillies nam'd oth' vale, which, to my sense,

Fling from their silver bells a daintier perfume,
Than ev'n the rose itself; spic'd fraxinel,
The golden martagon, the pale narcissus,
And flaunting piony; here's lady's slipper,
And lady's mantle too; curl'd columbines,
And harebells blue and white!

Arg. No, not a month; [*Not regarding her.*

But come another day 'twill be a month,
Since my dear Father lean'd him on this arm,
And took some slow-drawn paces down this alley;
But he was tir'd full soon and sat him down
To rest on this same bench; he panted so,
That then I fear'd him dying.

Ed. Nay, sweet Princess,

Did you not promise me?

Arg. Indeed I did;

Yet then, in very deed, I little hop'd
I long should keep my word.

Ed. Think of his years—

Arg. I know he was full aged, yet some have counted
More years than he; and some have liv'd to see,
What most they wish'd, their daughters given in marriage,
And blest the sacred union.

Ed. Some alas!

Have

Have left them sooner, in weak infancy;
 Have left them fatherless, nay, in their cradles;
 Hurried by death ev'n to their wife's fresh grave,
 Who died in child-bed: such was my sad case;
 And tho' of gentle, nay of noble birth,
 If nobleness can dwell where riches do not,
 Friendless, forlorn, ah! what had I been now,
 Had not the Queen your mother's folk'ring care
 Pity'd my orphan state?

Arg. I fear, my friend,
 I am to blame, ev'n unto sin to blame,
 Arraigning thus the will of Providence.
 Yet he, who gaye me tears, will let me shed them,
 I trust, without a frown. His gift were vain,
 Did I not weep.

Ed. Your Royal Uncle's care—

Arg. Is he like ADELBRIGHT? will he support
 Sad ARGENTILE with half his tenderness?
 Thou canst not think it. Thou thyself hast felt
 His sterner temper; for when OSWALD'S Son,
 The gallant EDWIN sued for thee in marriage,
 Who but my uncle mar'd your mutual bliss,
 And made his Father act a tyrant's part?
 Alas, thou weep'st! I was to blame in op'ning
 A wound, that time had clos'd.

Ed. And if I weep,

'Tis only that his hapless love for me

Caus'd the brave youth to fly his native realm,

A voluntary exile. To his suit

Thou know'st, my Princess, I demean'd myself

Ever with virgin coynefs, as I ought.

Arg. Thou didst, and therein claim'st thy sex's praise.

Ed. Gallant as EDWIN was, my tongue was able

To interdict his passion; therefore sure

I lov'd him not, spite of the rising sighs

That ever meet his mention. Had I lov'd him,

I must have yielded; he was all so worthy

To raise a mutual flame—where then my praise?

But, hush, his father comes! his earnest look

Tells me he means to claim a private audience.

He ill would brook my presence.

Arg. Thou, poor EDITHA,

Wilt ev'n as ill brook his! retire thee, then;

Yet stray not out of call. *[Exit Editha.]*

Enter O S W A L D.

O. Your pardon, Princess,

That, quitting forms, I thus abruptly venture—

Arg. Ah, my good Lord, away with idle forms!

You were my Father's friend, and that secures

A constant

A constant welcome to his orphan child,

But why so much disturb'd?

Os. Is there not cause?

Has not King EDEL done—

Arg. What, my good Lord?

Till this same hour I never left my chamber,

What has my uncle done?

Os. Flouted the Dane,

And sent his Envoy back with blank refusal.

Arg. 'Tis as I thought, not fear'd, yet herein read

A sum of num'rous future wrongs prepar'd

To fall full soon upon my innocent head.

Os. Not one, not one, no not the slightest wrong,

While OSWALD wields a sword to check its fall.

Have comfort, Princess; you have round your person

A set of Peers, whose perfect loyalty

Will at my call pour out their best heart's blood

In your defence.

Arg. O Heav'n forefend, my Lord,

That ARGENTILE should be the cause of bloodshed!

Sooner than so, I would resign my throne,

And take a subject's station. Trust me, Earl,

I ne'er was fond of this same pageant state,

And smilingly could quit it.

Of. Say not so. Good, yes, rather for my father,
Born to a Crown, that Crown must grace your head;
And we have powers to give it legal firmness.

Arg. No, rather let him drive me from his realm
A hapless exile. I am not the first
His arts have forc'd away.

Of. I read your meaning.
It was indeed his arts, curst EDWIN'S arts,
That struck the flint on my too fervent nature,
And bade it fire. Stop, ye repentant sighs,
You will not call my darling Edwin back!
Alas! you cannot: to th' extreamest verge
Of this wide life my fruitless search has reach'd:
No, I must ne'er again behold my Boy;
He's lost, I fear, for ever.

Arg. Hope the best;
And promise me, if e'er the Youth returns,
He'll have thy full forgiveness.

Of. So from Heav'n
May I have precious hope of after pardon,
As now my Son has mine!

Arg. Enough, enough.
Thou shew'st thyself again a tender father;
Therefore I take thee for my loyal friend.

Nay

Nay rather for my father. Yes, good Earl,
 Thou know'st I want one; thou too want'st a child;
 Act then a father's part, and guard my weakness
 'Gainst my fear'd Uncle's arts. Yet, if he goes
 No further than to break my present marriage,
 He has my ready pardon: She, who loses
 A boon she never yet had learn'd to prize,
 Is scarce a loser. Does he with me still
 To live in Virgin state? My wishes there
 Bear him free company; yet much I fear
 Some greater cruelty.

O/. To thwart these nuptials
 Is more than cruelty; 'tis sacrilege
 To ADELBRIGHT'S just memory.

Arg. Of this,
 My Lord, your prudence must more fitly judge
 Than a young maiden's. Therefore, Sir, to you,
 And to such peers as were my father's friends,
 I trust my honest cause, and will in all
 Accord to your sage councils. Honor'd Earl,
 Adieu. Come forward, faithful EDITHA,
 And lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Argentile and Editha.*]

O/. Remorseless tyrant!

To

To wrong this pattern of all Virgin virtues;
While I have life I will oppose thy malice!

[Exit Oswald.]
Come forward, pretty youth,
Take thou these angels. Thou hast pleas'd us well.

My Lord our Chamberlain charge

Changes to the Gate of the Castle.

Enter King, Edel, and Lords as returned from Hawking.

Curan, Falcenter, and Ralph attending.

Edel. If he not gains swift mass's favor.

Beshrew me? Lords, but this same Danish boy

Did give us sweet addition to our sports

I know not whether most to praise the fleet

Activity, by which, our game in view,

He cours'd the field, and left our fleetest steeds

Lagging behind; or whether, at default,

Perch'd on some land-mark stone, he struck his harp

And caroll'd his soft ditty. By ST. HALDAN

He is a peerless boy.

Ld. True, my dread Liege;

And then his dauntless spirit, mixt so meekly

With boyish shamefacedness! for when your Highness

Did praise his skill, it brought a crimson blush

Fresh to his cheek, that seem'd to call in question

Whether such praise were just, proving by the doubt

His rightful claim to it.

Ed.

Ed. True, We noted it; Vlls to merris and glee of
 A merit seldom mark'd in such as ply
 The minstrel craft. Come forward, pretty youth,
 Take thou these angels. Thou hast pleas'd us well,
 My Lord our Chamberlain, have it in charge
 This boy be well appointed, in such fort
 As fits our cup-bearer. Thus we advance him
 Ev'n at the first, and his shall be the blame
 If he not gains swift marks of future favor.

Cur. Low at your feet I fall, my gracious Sov'reign,
 And promise true allegiance,

Ed. Rise and thank us
 By thy fair service. We do hold to-morrow
 A high carousal. See that thou attend us
 In thy fit weeds, when in our hall we dine,
 We and our peers. *[Exit Ed. and Lords.]*

Manent CURAN, FALCONER, and RALPH.

Cur. Why, this is as it should be—
 Our good star smiles on us beyond our hopes.
 How now, good Master Falconer, why this distance?
 What! cap in hand too, prithee friend be cover'd.

Fal. I know better, good Master Cup-bearer, I know
 better. When, indeed, the every day sun in yonder sky
 shines upon me, I veil myself without ceremony, expect-
 ing

ing no more from him than a scorch'd forehead: But, when the sun of court favour shines upon me, tho' at now, only as it were by reflexion, I doff my cap most reverently, as thereby hoping for somewhat that may warm my old heart. As for you, my young Sir, who are become to day the minion of dame fortune, I know not how thou wilt demean thyself to-morrow; therefore, before to-morrow comes, I will venture to call myself thy old friend; inasmuch I was thy friend before the King was, and am withal three years older than his Majesty.

Car. I own thee for my friend, and hold thy kindness in fair memorial.

Fal. I thank thee. Yet as the good luck, which has of late befallen thee, may in time help to weaken thy memory, suffer me to put thee now in mind that, in the morning when thou camest hither out of breath desirous of sitting on yonder bench to rest thee awhile, I call'd thee pretty youth, and bade thee sit down boldly; thereby, as I may say, installing thee for a courtier.

Car. Thou didst, and for that courteous installation This angel be thy fee. [*Gives him the money.*]

Fal. Blessings on thy young heart! had I thought thou wouldst have paid me thus generously, I would have pull'd off my doublet and made thee a cushion of it;

thou

thou should'st never have been install'd on the hard stone.

But I would with thee also to recollect, that the very moment thou mad'st offer to give me a touch of thy minstrelsy, I took thee at thy word. Whereby—

Ral. Nay in troth, Master, that thou didst not, but was minded to interrupt the lad's ditty, (I crave your honor's pardon for you was but a lad then) yet your honor well knows he would have told you a long preamble about the ten virtues in strong ale, which I, who have heard the old homily a hundred times and know it to be as long as one of Father Anselm's, and withal as unedifying, have when one has the brown pitcher before one, persuaded him to cease the delivery of. This had I not done in the very nick of time—

Car. Thou didst, and for that friendly office, for. How this twin angel greets thee. [*Gives Ralph an angel.*]

Ral. Ay, that indeed does it, and most angelically; poor Ralph is your liege vassal for ever.

Fal. Tho' the knave has, as I may say, robb'd me of my second merit, neither he nor any man in *Deira* shall of my third; which resteth in this, that I paid'st thy minstrelsy to the King; and what, tho' he flouted me for it? I have known him many a time and oft do so in the field, and yet nevertheless abide by my council. Therefore

fore assure thyself, that what I said concerning the lark's
roosting in thy throat did thee no thriftless piece of
service.

Cur. Whether it did or not, 'twas said in kindness,
And is as such rewarded. [Gives him another angel.]

Fal. St. HILDA bless thee! There remaineth now but
a fourth merit to remind thee of which, to say truth, re-
specteth myself singly. It is this; that I, being as thou
seest an old and true-bred courtier, am wholly void of
one vice, which hath been imputed to our sect for time
immemorial.

Cur. I pray thee name it.

Fal. That can I Master, and with a safe conscience.—
The vice is envy which, thou knowest, is one of the seven
deadly sins. Now whereas thou art suddenly made King's
Cup-bearer, and thereby put over the head of myself and
many a better man, yet do I not envy thee thine honor;
but think verily thou wilt acquit thyself in that high office
better, than ev'n I should myself at these years.

Cur. Indeed, and may I credit thee!

Ral. Nay, Master, here put I in for a share in the merit.
I am younger, and, I trust, more handy than the Falconer
himself, and yet, where the matter of cup-bearing is con-
cerned, I knock under to your honor's courtly bearing
and gentility. I do in faith.

Cur.

Cur. Enough; then share this last bright coin between ye
And see you drink to my prosperity.
Good friends farewell. *[Exit Curan.]*

Ral. Aye, my Master, that will we do: we'll see the
cann to the bottom, were it as big as Ulphus's horn.
Fal. Ralph, mark me well, Ralph, this young spend-
thrift will be wiser in time. But till that time comes it
behoves us to drink to the long continuance of so ge-
nerous a folly. *[Exeunt Ralph and Falconer.]*

S C E N E IV.

The King's Closet.—*E D E L.*, Solus.

Ev'n when we first set eye upon this youth
We thought his face trick'd out by our good stars
To fit our long-meant purpose. He shall wed
Our niece: shall pass on her for Denmark's Prince.
His youth, his comeliness, his country too,
Will stamp him very *CURAN* in her heart;
And, married to an alien and a peasant,
Where then will be her royalty? But first
I must dismiss *Earl Oswald*. He is honest
And has what oft is found with honesty,
A hot and credulous spirit, which we found
Easy to practice on to his Son's ruin.

Who

Who had that stubborn and rebellious bearing,
We fear'd might after harm us. But in this,
Were we to make the old Earl privy to it,
He ne'er would meet our wishes : he shall go
Envoy to Denmark ; but my arts will fail me,
If e'er he living lands on Denmark's shore.
What ho ! who waits there ? is Lord OSWALD come ?

Enter OSWALD with an USHER.

Ush. My Liege, the Earl attends. *[Exit Usher.*

Ed. Welcome, good OSWALD !

We have a weighty business to impose
On thy allegiance, and, as we do hold
Thy prudence far beyond the vulgar scope,
Resolve in this high point to trust it solely.

Os. My Liege, ye do out rate it.

Ed. Not a whit.

Believe us, honest Oswald, we have poiz'd
Thy merits well and found them in our balance
Of sterling proof—but to the present business.
Thou know'st already we of late thought fit
To check this alien marriage of our niece,
And thwart the hasty Dane.

Os. I do indeed,
And marvel at it much ; nay to speak plain,

Oswald

(Oswald must speak so, tho' his King's the hearer)
It wounds your Brother's memory.

Ed. Hear our Reasons,

We hold it all unsafe, for the realms weal,
A stranger should come in to lord it here
In right of our young niece; and therefore, Earl,
(Tho' inly did our bowels yearn to break
Our word with our dead brother) yet the good
Of two great kingdoms far o'ercame that scruple.

Of. But when the offended Majesty of Denmark
Shall arm a fleet—

Ed. Why this may be expected;
And tho' we trust we have sufficient powers
To cope with his best strength, yet would we rather
Prevent all bloodshed; and with this fair aim
We mean to send thee, in all haste, to Denmark,
Our peaceful Envoy.

Of. Might I bear the Princess
To her expecting spouse, I should with joy
Accept the high Commission: such a freight
Will only load my ship with the just price
To buy us peace from Denmark.

Ed. Tush, old Earl,
The Dane will dread to fight us: let him dare it.

After such truce thy audience there may win,
We shall be well-prepar'd to meet his wrath,
And foil it too.

Of. You said you wish'd for peace.

Ed. I do; if peace and amity, Lord OSWALD,
May be procur'd at a much cheaper rate,
Than one of our two Kingdoms.

Of. Our two Kingdoms!

Then, ARGENTILE, thy half is lost already [*Afide.*

Ed. Why muse ye thus, my Lord, we did expect
More free acceptance of that honor'd charge,
Which we so freely offer'd.

Of. Age, my Liege,
Makes me unfit—

Ed. Say rather that thy age
Makes thee most fit; for reverence hangs on age
And suits our Envoy. Lords of greener years
Would sue for the great charge, but on thyself
Our choice has fixt; if thou disclaim'st the task,
Thou art not what I deem'd thee. For the moment
I leave thee to resolve what likes thee best,
Whether to meet thy Sov'reign's will with duty,
Or force him think, what he would wish unthought,
Thou'rt the Dane's friend not his: within an hour
Give me thy final and assenting answer. [*Exit Edel.*

Of.

O/. It is too plain ; he does but wish my absence,
 To pass some cruel fraud on ARGENTILE ;
 And give himself, by that fair maid's mishap,
 More right, or seeming right, in his two kingdoms.
 Two kingdoms, Tyrant !—One is more than due,
 But patience—I must act awhile the part
 My soul disdains, must seem to accept his charge—
 Yes, I will be his Envoy to the Dane ;
 But only to convey that treasure with me
 Is the Dane's plighted due. Now to the Princess,
 To win her to my purpose : she must hence,
 And quickly ; for, if here she dares to wait,
 Death, or still worse than death, must be her fate.

[Exit Oswald.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King EDEL *and* CURAN.

Ed. Dost thou not boast ?

Cur. In truth I do not, Sir,

Ev'n in our days of greenest infancy
I was his humble play-mate ; and, when youth
Nerv'd him for stouter sports, the gallant Prince
Would make me his compeer ; to shoot the shaft,
To pitch the bar, to wrestle, race, or tilt,
In these and all like proofs of hardiment,
He ever chose my rivalry.

Ed. If so,

Haply, thou now couldst counterfeit his person.

Cur. I could, my Liege, were there a fit occasion.

Ed. Were we right sure of this, occasion now
Should call thee to the trial.

Cur. Some have thought

My lineaments did much resemble CURAN's.
Nay, once I do remember, in our childhood,
We did in sport change dress ; and I the while,

My

My little heart beating with innocent pride,
 So strutted in his plumes, as caus'd a smile
 On many a cheek to see with what mock grace
 I aped the Heir of Denmark.

Ed. So even now

Thou seem'st to act him o'er again ; in sooth
 Thou art a peerless boy, and wilt besit
 Our business to our wish ; which, to tell briefly,
 Is this, that thou, in semblance of the Prince,
 Should'st play the suitor to our royal niece ;
 For which thy youth, and, wherefore should we rob thee
 Of what was Heav'n's own gift, thy comeliness
 Will stand thee in good stead. Beauty and youth
 Are the best weapons in a gallant's hand
 To conquer virgin coynefs, these thou hast
 From nature, these King EDEL bids thee use,
 Which, if thou dost like one of Cupid's teaching,
 Beshrew me, boy, but it will raise thy fortunes
 Higher than now thou dream'st of.

Cur. My dread Liege,

Ye surely mean to mock your humble vassal ;
 I pray ye scoff not at my poverty.

Ed. Trust us, fair youth, we do not. By our faith
 A Sov'reign's faith, win thou our ARGENTILE
 And thou shalt wear her, But she must be won,

Her heart, her soul must be thine own so fixt,
That if we frown and cross awhile your nuptials,
Which for state reasons we perchance may feign,
Thou may'st persuade her to be thine by flight:
This if thou canst achieve—

Cur. I know not, Sir,
But this so sudden so unhoped an honor
O'erpowers me wholly; can you mean, my Liege,
In very truth?

Ed. By all the saints we do.

Cur. Then be it so; that gracious smile did seem
To dart a ruddy beam of royalty
Warm to my heart. I am not what I was;
I tread with loftier step; my heart beats high
As if the blood of Denmark boil'd within it.

Ed. Excellent Boy! his ev'ry word and gesture
Insures success, and tops our highest hope.
In faith, Prince CURAN, for thou dost suit
The gallant title, thou dost please us highly.
Some three hours hence take heed that thou attend
Our summons to our closet: thou shalt there
Have further schooling; meanwhile, on thy life,
Be secret.

Cur. Take that life, if I am false.

Ed.

Ed. We will not doubt thee ; favour'd as thou art,
Thou must be true to us, who show such favour,
And mean so to augment it.

Cur. At thy feet
I swear —

Ed. Arise, thou hast our confidence,
And soon shalt from our wardrobe have dispenc'd
Those vestments, which besit thy state to wear
In audience of our niece.

Cur. Impatiently,
My Liege, shall I expect them ; for these weeds
Seem now to sit untowardly upon me :
I burn to change them.

Ed. Wait us in our closet. [Exit King.]

Cur. (solus) Can it be thus ? indeed, indeed men
wrong thee,

My mistress Fortune, when they paint thee blind !
Shew me an eagle, that, with firmest eye
Can meet the sun in his meridian march,
And I will call that eye, compar'd with thine,
The bat's that blinks at twilight : were 't not so,
Thou could'st not guide thy hardly-govern'd wheel
So evenly foreright, as now thou dost ;
And swift too, as t'would fire its very axle.

O that my SEWOLD knew !—But truce awhile
 With exultation. Pass three little hours
 And I have audience of fair ARGENTILE.
 How then to act ? why as a spirit would,
 Who has the magic power to shift, and turn
 From visible t' invisible, as best
 May suit his present purpose. Let me see her,
 And in her face, I con the ready part
 I have to play ; the full game thus before me,
 I'll win it, or I'll lose it, as I list.

Enter FALCONER.

Fal. Where is the King's Majesty ? lead me instantly
 to the King's Majesty's own personal presence ! Mercy
 on me, I have hardly breath left me to deliver that news
 to him which, I trust, will choak him with choler. Brave
 master Cup-bearer, present me unto him this moment.—
 There is no time to be lost, I can assure you ; by this they
 must be at least six miles deep, look you, in the forest.

Cur. They ! say, who mean you ?

Fal. Yes, in good troth, that is a likely story ; and
 from a man of my years and experience, who has been
 about Court, man and boy, for full fifty years come next
 all-hallow tide ; to expect now by one fingle, and with
 your leave, simple question, to get such a secret out of
 such

such a man ! But you are a green courtier, master Cup-bearer, and are therefore to be excused. Come, lead me to the King's Majesty ; it will suffice, I trust, if I unbolom unto his Grace those I mean by my *they*, that are now in the forest.

Cur. Thou art indeed an old and full-bred courtier
Thus to forget —

Fal. What ! that you gave me certain angels of late to drink to your God-speed ? The service for which those angels were given was conscientiously performed. Why then should the memory of the gift remain, when the cause of it is cancell'd. Nevertheless I do remember those angels so well, and the number of them, as to know that, were they increas'd in tenfold proportion, they would not purchase an answer to thy present question, though compriz'd in a tiney single syllable. Enough for thee to know, that the secret is for royal ears, to which I command thee to lead me.

Cur. I will lead no man to the royal presence,
Who brings unpleasant tidings.

Fal. Thou art a shrewd stripling, that must be said for thee, having already gueest so much of my secret, as to know it is no very pleasant one.

Cur. Who then, but thee, would bear it to the King ?

Was

Was it a secret, he would joy to hear,
Thy fee might chance be ample ; as it is,
Trust me, he'll only pay thee with a frown,
Fitting the sort and colour of that secret.

Fal. Why indeed I do believe it will make his Majesty swear a little.

Cur. Surely it will—to go without his leave
By stealth, and thro' the forest. Then their rank,
Men he so much had honor'd.—

Fal. Nay there you are out; there is but one man in the party.

Cur. The Princess surely has not fled the Court.

Fal. Since thou dealest with the devil, I find it will be most prudent in me to make thee a party concern'd.—
Know then most assuredly; that the Princess has fled the Court accompanied only with old Lord OSWALD.

Cur. Death to my hopes—but art thou sure of this?

Fal. If seeing is believing, that am I; but to tell thee the matter in form and circumstance. I was practising a tarsel at the lure, in a deep sort of a dell, some two miles distant from the Castle; where I heard a rustling of leaves in a sidelong road to the left; there, thro' the thicket, I saw the Princess brush briskly on that white palfrey, on which she has hawked these two last seasons; before her
gallop'd

gallop'd Lord OSWALD on his stout bay gelding, who is half brother to King EDEL's Swift; that very same steed he rode on yesterday, when thou fang'st thyself into thy preferment. They made as much haste, I can assure thee, as a vile stony, uphill, bridle-style road would suffer them. But this is not all; for, hast'ning home with my news, I met with another strong cause of suspicion that they are bent on no honest errand; for, crossing the road that leads to the west gate, I saw a smock-fac'd kind of youth, more smock-fac'd even than thyself, bless the mark, in a green doublet and hose trudging away, as fast as a pair of very spindle-shanked legs could carry him; 'twas a face I had seen before, but could not rightly tell where; nor did I recollect it till I had enter'd the Castle Gate. But now I'll take my bible oath 'twas no boy but a girl, and that girl my Lady EDITHA the Princess's fav'rite waiting gentlewoman.

Cur. Did she pursue her Mistress?

Fal. No, no, she took quite a different road, yet a footpath, that meets the other some eight miles distance: she went down the valley, whereas the Princess and Lord OSWALD took up the hill.

Cur. And would'st thou bear such tidings to the King?

Fal. Marry that would I, and must too, for they be true ones.

Cur.

Cur. Go then and meet his wrath, who didst neglect
To seize the handmaid. Go and meet his wrath
For this thy tardiness. Know'st not that the time,
Thou here hast spent with me, is worse than lost :
This when he knows, he'll on thy back inflict
A stripe for every moment.

Fal. Mercy on me! why would'st thou detain me? lead
me to him directly.

Cur. Falconer, I am thy friend. I'll point a way
Much safer than to EDEL. Hence with me
This instant in pursuit of the lost Princess.

Fal. What! before we acquaint the King's Majesty of
her elopement, and have his royal writ to arrest her
Highness?

Cur. I grant thee, wert thou sure of such commission,
It might be well to seek it : But her flight,
Once known, he will dismiss some Earl, or Knight,
Or valorous Captain on such high pursuit,
Not thee poor peasant ; what then shall become
Of thy reward? Now thou and I together
Are a full match for OSWALD. Him subdued
And ARGENTILE recover'd, double Knighthood
Will surely be our fee.

Fal. Earl OSWALD, let me tell you, tho' old, is stout
and

and well-timber'd, and may not be so easily master'd as your vanity may imagine.

Cur. But we will raise the country to assist us,
When once we find them.

Fal. Yes indeed, that bears some likelihood. The *Posse Comitatus*, and we at the head of them! He cannot make them all knights, and as we shall appear to be the first movers in the business, you know; and the King's patent servants before that—

Cur. True, true, but time is precious. Haste we hence.
Lead me the way they went, and trust me, Falconer,
Soon as we find them, our reward is sure.

SCENE II.

An outer Court in the Castle.

Enter two LORDS.

F. Lord. In these Earl OSWALD's letters, briefly penn'd
The hour they took their flight, you read the sum
Of this black business; nor have now to ask
For proof more formal or of the King's baseness,
Or the Earl's honesty; e'er this, I trust,
He has lodg'd the Princess in some place of safety.

S. Lord.

S. Lord. I praise his prudence : ev'n in that loud note
I'd thunder out destruction to the Tyrant,
Could words destroy him ; but that calls for deeds.

F. Lord. And deeds shall be attempted. Mark me, Sir,
Already I've bestirr'd me to this end
With hope of fair success ; prompted by me,
Your cousin ALDRED, captain of the guards,
Ev'n now is sowing thro' the soldiery
The seeds of hot commotion. You, my Lord,
Can boast much interest with our honest Burghers,
Which might be us'd.

S. Lord. And shall to th' full extent
Of my best faculties, for which in pledge
I lock this hand of fellowship in thine,
And swear to risk my fortune, honour, life,
In ARGENTILE's just cause. Nor doubt I, Lord,
Before to-morrow's dawn to head in arms
Three thousand citizens. But see the Tyrant !
Let's hide our honest hate in loyal seemings,
Till execution ripens.

*Enter King EDEL hastily,
A Courtier and Ralph following.*

E D E L.

Brings the slave
No plainer tidings ?

Court.

Court. None, my Gracious Liege.

Ed. Fellow, be brief, and tell us all thou saw'st.

Ral. Please your Majesty, your Majesty's Yeoman Falconer and I, who by your Majesty's favour am his Deputy, were some hours ago practising a young hawk at the lure in a place on the side of the forest called Dead-man's Dell; where we saw the Princess and Earl OSWALD ride hastily thro' the thick copice on the left, just as the Gentleman has inform'd your Highness. My master, on seeing them, left me with the bird and said he would hie him to the Castle, and give your Majesty information thereof.

Ed. And why in this did the vile traitor fail?

Ral. Of that, please your Highness, I am innocent. All I know is, that when I had given my bird its exercise, and was returning to our lodge in the great park, I spied my master at some distance and the young stripling with him, now your Majesty's Cup-bearer.

Ed. Ha! said'st thou he, the Danish minstrel!

Ral. The same; but in an English forester's garb. Whereupon I was at first minded to go and ask Master whether he had waited on your Highness. But when I considered that he was in company with a Gentleman of such high office, it behoved me, as I thought, to keep
my

my distance, being assured I should only gain one of my Master's heaviest oaths, if not blows, in answer to my question. However still suspecting that your Majesty might not be privy to the matter, I came forthwith to consult this Gentleman, who, under your Majesty's favour, heretofore procured me my place.

Ed. Enough, enough, come forward, good my Lords
And trusty Counsellors. You see your King
Struck to the very soul at the strange flight
Of our fond niece. Young as the wanton was,
We did not think she would so far debase
Her royal lineage, as (we blush to own it)
This act declares she has.

F. Lord. But, Gracious Sov'reign,
We marvel most Earl OSWALD led her forth.

Ed. True; but we live in such a world, my Lords,
That, who so marvels at like wickedness,
May pass thro' life, feeling no other passion
Than blank astonishment. Full well we guess
The trait'rous purpose why the Earl contriv'd
Our niece's flight; nay, we can count the sums
That Denmark long has paid into his coffers.
More at our council board will we unfold,
Whereat this evening, with our other Lords,
We bid ye to attend us.

F. Lord.

F. Lord. Sire, in all
Command our ready duty.

Ed. We there mean
To take your voices, who may best supply
The throne our truant niece has vacated.
But first we'll bend us at ST. HILDA's shrine,
And ask, most needful in a strait like this,
Heav'n's holy aid to guide us in our Councils.

[*Exeunt Edel, &c.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Vale of Hakeness; a Hermit's Cell in
front near a Rivulet.

SEWOLD *comes out of the Cell follow'd by EDWIN*
disguis'd as a Hermit but without his beard.

S E W O L D.

Thanks to thy courtesy, thou reverend Seer;
For youth like thine is reverend. Solitude
And silence, inmates of this peaceful vale,
Have given thee, what a length of busy years,
Spent in the noise and turmoil of the world,
Oft fail to give, rich store of useful truths

VOL. III.

R

Well

Well rang'd on memory's tablet. Yet I marvel,
 Young Lord, what led thee in thy life's fair prime
 To this so close seclusion; thou hast said,
 It was not for that end, which ignorance
 Misdeems Religion, and I trust it was not
 For that still falser end, which rankling spleen
 Miscalls Philosophy.

Ed. Indeed it was not.

Yet there are ills, begot of sad mischance,
 Which sacred solitude alone can cure;
 And some there are, of such a stubborn fort,
 As mock her powers medicinal; yet still
 Where'er she fails to cure, she serves to footh.
 For this I use her opiate; ever far
 From perfect remedy, yet much reliev'd
 By her emollient aid.

Serv. There is, young Lord,
 Another Leach, whose drugs have passing power
 O'er every malady that mars the mind.
 That Leach is friendship; he would probe thy wound
 With tenderest hand, and, while he opens, heal.
 O that my son were here! for I, alas,
 Am all unequal, from discordant years,
 To the sweet task! his youthful converse gay,

Mixt with soft sympathy and smiling tears,
Would lure thee to unbosom in his breast
Thy every care, and, opening thus a course
To thy pent sorrows, bid them run to waste,
Or change them into pleasures.

Ed. Think not, Dane,
That solitude has blunted in this breast
The inborn taste for choice society,
Or that still richer relish for blest friendship,
Which Nature gives her votaries. Think not, Dane,
Quitting the world, I meant to quit that love
Instinctive, that each creature owes its kind,
And, chief of these, that man still owes to man.

Sew. I trust indeed thou didst not.—But methinks
I hear some footstep. 'Tis perchance my Son—
Ah no—my vassal Baldwin from the fleet.

Enter a DANISH SAILOR.

Sail. My Lord, a fly-boat from yon neighb'ring port,
Its freight one seaman only, hail'd our ships;
And, when we bade him quietly approach,
Row'd fidelong to the first and on its deck
This packet flung, and hied him back with speed.

[*Sewold takes the letter, opens it, and reads.*

"To the Lord Ambassador of Denmark.

"Greeting,

*"The unkingly manner, in which your high Embassy
"has been treated, by him who was bound by oath given
"to the dying King ADELBRIGHT to treat it with all
"due honour, has awaken'd much displeasure in the breast
"of many honest Saxons, who are at once friends to
"their own country and well affected to the Majesty of
"Denmark. Amongst these no man is more strongly
"offended than the writer of this letter, who hereby pro-
"mises, if so that your Excellency shall think meet to
"anchor two days longer in your present station, to con-
"vey safely to your fleet (if Heav'n favours his just de-
"sign) the fair object of your Embassy. Hoping that
"ere this shall reach your hands, he shall have already
"secur'd her from the wiles of the Tyrant.*

"Signed, OSWALD."

Ed. OSWALD!

[Starting.

Sew. That start bespeaks you know him.

Ed. Know him!

Sew. Methinks I see the tears gush from your eye.

Say, Sir I pray ye, is he of such rank

And influence in the Court, that I may trust

On what he here doth promise?

Ed.

Ed. Noble Dane,

He is the very soul of honesty.
 In virtue as superior as in birth,
 And from that birth as high an Earldom holds
 As Anglia gives ; his virtues are his own.
 Your pardon, Sir, I cannot count the sum
 Of his just praises.—Peace, my fluttering heart,
 He is—but rather let me say, he was—
 And yet, perchance, now he is EDEL's foe,
 He may be still my Father.

Serv. Say'st thou, Youth,

Thy Father ? then we need no more credentials.
 And yet, it seems, from the disjointed phrase
 That gave this to my knowledge, some harsh treatment,
 Which sure to such a Son—May I not press
 Thy further confidence ?

Ed. To such sage ears

To tell a tale of disappointed love
 Must make the teller blush : suffice to say,
 That for this cause I lodg'd me in this cell ;
 Because, by cruel EDEL's arts misled,
 He frown'd on my chaste wishes ; since the day
 I hid me here twice has yon golden orb

Finish'd his annual round, and here did mean
 To end that life in pining solitude,
 I was forbid t' enjoy in virtuous love.
 Yet trust me, Dane, if, as those letters speak,
 The Genius stern of Liberty is rous'd,
 And threatens the Tyrant's fall, this hermitage
 No more shall shroud me. Trust me, noble stranger,
 I'll instant list beneath fair Freedom's banners,
 Eager to plant my dagger in the breast
 Of her fell foe. Then farewell these hoar vestments,
 And welcome helm and hawberk.

Serv. Gallant youth,
 This zeal fits well upon thy manly front,
 And soon, I deem, thy father and thy country
 Will call it into action. For the moment,
 I hasten to the fleet to spread new orders
 Touching its further stay. My Son, I hope,
 Will soon be here; for this thy cell was fixt
 Our place of meeting. If, ere my return,
 The youth arrives, thy courtesy, I trust,
 Will bid him kindly welcome.

Ed. As a brother.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Changes to another part of the Valley.

Enter EDITHA disguised in a Forester's Habit,

EDITHA.

Thus far, tho' long and dreary was the way,
Have I adventur'd safely ; and am now
Secure from all pursuit. Yet like the hare
That pants, and trembles, and with prick'd-up ears
Still thinks the hound is nigh, her speed had foil'd ;
So do I start, and stop, and fear a foe
In every rustling breeze. The housewife, she
That with her oaten cakes and curdled cream
At yonder homely cabin late refreshed me,
Has made me much her debtor. Heaven so smile
On this day's business, as its justice merits ;
Then to the Princess shall my grateful tongue
Make fair memorial of that gentle Hostess.

*The FALCONER appears on the brow of a high hill
to the left.*

Fal. What ho ! young Dane what ho ! I have done

R 4

my

my errand, the fleet lye to the south east trimly array'd
and safely anchored. What ho! do'st not hear me?

Ed. Ye Saints defend me! fure I heard a voice.

This is no place of safety. [*Exit hastily.*]

Fal. What ho! why flyest thou? Have I not done as
thou baddest me? [*Descending the hill.*] Murrain take him!
if this young scape-gallows has not left me. What ho!
Master Cup-bearer! I might as well whistle to the winds
as try to recall him. O that a man of my age and sober
sense should ever turn out such a fool! first he makes me
climb up a hill, as steep as a very ladder, to look out
for the Danish fleet, as if the young knave (who within
the year I trust has been many a time whipt for climbing
his neighbours pear trees) was not far fitter for such an
errand. Up however climbs I, at the manifest risk of
bursting my old lungs; does the business; spys the fleet;
advertises him of it, and what get I for my trouble, but
the sight of a pair of light heels, and the comfort of be-
ing left alone in a perilous wood? My only consolation is
that, being a stranger to the country, he may peradventure
return here for my guidance; therefore in that ex-
pectation will I sit down and rest myself a little. Hift,
hif, what rustling was that in the glen to the left! Mercy
on me! Lord OSWALD himself, the very man it was

our business to seize. And now in the very nick of time this young traitor has left me. To attack him by myself were very madness, and yet, had I but the courage to do it, I were a made man all my life after. Now if he were not armed——

Enter OSWALD hastily and seizes the Falconer by the throat.

Of. What errand brought thee here? speak, caitiff, speak.

Fal. O for mercy! what? speak when I am throttled! for the love of St. Hilda slacken thy gripe.

Of. Quit then thy staff and all thy other arms, That dagger in thy belt. Lye there, thou ruffian.

[Throws him down and lifts his sword over him.]

Nay, if thou stir'st this point is in thy heart.

Fal. Spare my life, noble Earl, spare but my life and I'll discover the whole truth. I was decoy'd here, it is true, on the felonious intent of finding where you had bestowed the Princess ARGENTILE.

Of. And dost thou own it, dastard!

Fal. Alas! what would lying about the matter do for me? Nay, more, I was spirited up to endeavour to make seizure of your honour's person. Not that I ever meant to attempt it single-handed. The young rogue, that was
sworn

sworn to assist me, has left me here, like a vagabond and coward as he is. And now having told the whole truth, let me beg on my knees — [*Offering to rise.*]

Os. Nay if thou stirrest!

Fal. That frown, gracious Sir, is enough for me. O for mercy withdraw that lifted blade! only till I say one short prayer to St. Hilda, that she may intercede with your honour to spare my life.

[Oswald takes the belt that hung over the Falconer's shoulder and with that and the quarter staff pinions his arms.]

Os. Now, Traitor, thou art safe; I will not kill thee.

Fal. No, noble OSWALD, if thou didst, the more would be the pity for me, and the less the profit for thyself; for thereby wouldst thou lose the knowledge of what, once told, would be worth the purchase of my pardon, nay, of my freedom.

Os. Go to: Declare that knowledge.

Fal. Would you, Sir, be pleased to climb yonder hill with me, I would shew your honour a fight would do you good to see; for I am shrewdly out of my politics, if he, that has run away from one King, would not be very fain to put himself under the protection of another.

Os.

Of. What mean'st thou, knave?

Fal. Nothing, please your worship, but this: That whereas in your present condition, craving your pardon, you are liable to be taken up for a —— (I will not name the word it is so hardly favoured) You might by my honest assistance find safer refuge for yourself, than these old oaks and underling briars will be long able to afford you. Now the Danish fleet being at present within hailing—

Of. Sayst thou the Danish fleet? and not yet sail'd!

Fal. I say it, Sir, and swear it to boot; for I saw it just now with these eyes lying snug at anchor in a bay under the other side of that cliff.

Of. Ha! this is news indeed, my Royal charge is then secure. I'll haste to lead her thither.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Fal. Nay for mercy's sake, for the sake of all honour and justice take off these gyves first, and let me follow! Heugh! a lad of sixteen would not have gone off much more nimbly. He is as quick at the work, as my late honest friend and companion the Cup-bearer. Honesty, there is no such thing now a days in the world! Youth and age, sixteen and sixty makes no difference as to that matter.

matter. I am right serv'd for not bargaining better for my liberty, before I told my secret ; and nothing, but the manifest fear of death before my eyes, absolves me from the title and stile of mere driveller. All I have now to do is to waddle up and down the forest, like a yoked gander, till some pitiful Forester (if there be pity in the kind) sets me at liberty ; In the hope of which I now begin my pilgrimage

[*Exit Falconer.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Valley.

Enter ARGENTILE in the Dress of a Shepherdess.

ARGENTILE.

Welcome these russet weeds, this pastoral crook,
 More welcome than the sceptre and the train !
 These are the simple 'tire that Nature meant
 Her votaries should wear ; sweet smiling Health,
 And Happiness, and Peace her holy sisters,
 Never wore other, when, in better days,
 They deign'd to dwell with mortals. Hail, thrice hail,
 Thou solitary scene ! how far beyond
 The pageantry of courts thy stillness charms !
 This grove my sighs shall consecrate ; in shape
 Of some fair tomb, here will I heap the turf,
 And call it ADELBRIGHT's. Yon aged yew,
 Whose rifted trunk, rough bark, and knarled roots
 Give solemn proof of its high antientry,
 Shall canopy the shrine. There's not a flower,

That

That hangs the dewy head and seems to weep,
 As pallid blue bells, crow-toes, and marsh lillies,
 But I'll plant here ; and, if they chance to wither,
 My tears shall water them : there's not a bird
 That trails a sad soft note, as ringdoves do,
 Or twitters painfully like the dun martlet,
 But I will lure, by my best art, to roost
 And plain them in these branches. Larks and finches
 Will I fright hence, nor ought shall dare approach
 This pensive spot, save solitary things
 That love to mourn, as I do.

Enter OSWALD.

Of. Gracious Mistress !

I come with news.

Arg. Is EDITHA then found ?

Of. I know not that—

Arg. Alas ! why would'st thou mock me ?

Of. The Danes, the Danes are still upon our Coast ;
 I learn'd the tidings of a treacherous spy,
 Whom I disarm'd and bound ; and hast'ning back
 Mounted yon hill, where I myself beheld
 Their goodly fleet, some fifteen sail or more,
 Moor'd in a neighb'ring creek. Pitch'd on the beach
 Stood there a gallant tent, where, I not doubt,

The

The Envoy sojourns. Let me bear you quickly
To his protection; for, I fear me much,
Discov'ry waits us here.

Arg. No, OSWALD, no;
Till EDITHA be found I will not leave
This secret nook. Didst thou not promise me
To hie thee where the parting road might chance
Mislead her step?

Of. I did; but this event—
O let me instant lead you to the strand!

Arg. What, OSWALD! and forego the plighted word
I gave poor EDITHA! Here did I fix
Our place of meeting; Holy truth forbid
I should deceive her! Haste thee hence again.
Till her I see, I can resolve on nothing.
Take thou the valley, I myself will mount
Yon side-long hill. My eye is younger, Earl,
And may descry her sooner. This when try'd,
Some two hours hence we'll meet at this same yew.
Let's lose no time; nay, answer not good OSWALD,
But to the search. To-morrow thou shalt rule,
If she be found to day. Heav'n speed thy errand.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Another part of the Valley.

Enter CURAN in a Forester's Habit.

C U R A N.

How have the mazy tangles of this wood
 Missed my steps! since he, the faithless Falconer,
 If faithless, or perchance himself missed,
 Left me to journey with unguided foot
 Thro' this wild wilderness. The opening vale
 Now spreads a broader path; yet, ere I take it,
 Tir'd as I am, I'll climb this rocky steep,
 Which towers so high that it insures a fight
 Of the broad sea. Methinks I'm near it now;
 For on my breast the gale beats light and keen,
 And has withal a smack of brine upon it,
 That seems as freshly stolen from the wave.
 I hope 'tis so; for much my strength is spent
 With this long ramble. By your leave, fair bank!
 Ere I mount further up this rugged hill,
 I'll press awhile your violets and daisies
 With my tir'd limbs. What if I sleep awhile?
 This white thorn brake will screen me, and the brook,

That

That babbles at its foot, persuades to it
 Most musically ; prattle on, cool neighbour !
 I'll take thy council and forget my care. *[He sleeps.]*

Enter ARGENTILE.

Not here ! full sure I saw from yonder heights
 My EDITHA, in her green huntsman's tire,
 Bolt from the coppice. It was all too distant
 To mark her features, yet it sure was she ;
 For they, the boorish inmates of these hamlets,
 Have none so gentle carriage. I'll not holla,
 Lest haply I affright her. 'Tis most certain
 She past by this same dingle. Gracious Powers !
 And here I find her couch'd ; her faithful head
 Wrapt in her scanty mantle ! poor spent wench,
 How fast does sleep infold thee ! It were fin
 To break thy slumbers. I will sit, and watch thee,
 As oft thy faithfulness, in better days,
 Has bended o'er my pillow. How her eye
 Will glisten when she wakes ! How will it start,
 With a glad tear, to see her Mistress near her !
 Yes, the kind Maid will weep. I crave thy pardon,
 Thou'rt now a lusty yeoman, and in truth
 Thy goat skin belt, tagg'd with thy bugle horn,
 And all thy forest geer become thee mainly :

VOL. III.

S

Nay,

ok,
 That

Nay, thou might'st pass (thy softer features shrouded
Thus, as they are) full well for what thou art not.
Yet, my best EDITHA, this rugged stone
Seems but a churlish bolster ! I will raise
Thy head, and——Mercy shield me, ha !

[Starts back while Curan wakes.]

Cur. Where am I ?

Methought some angel whisper'd me, and wak'd me:
I see it still, but ah ! it flies ; stay ! stay !
Divinest vision, that e'er blest my slumbers !
'Tis not a vision, for I grasp her hand !
But yet a warmth, a softness all celestial
Thrills at the touch. O speak, thou wond'rous creature,
And tell me what thou art !

Arg. An innocent Maid,
That took thee for another like herself.
Forgive the crime of error ! quit my hand,
Or I shall faint thro' fear.

Cur. Why dost thou tremble,
Thou matchless paragon ? by all the Saints
Thou art as safe—as sacred—

Arg. But not free,
While thus you seize my hand.

Cur. Thy pardon, fairest !

It was a boldness nothing, but the fear
Of losing thee, could prompt, and for that boldness
Such fear must plead excuse. Dost thou forgive?

Arg. I do, if so you suffer me to leave you.

Cur. Stay but a moment. I'm a wand'ring youth,
Whom the wild mazes of this wood misled:
You must, for very charity, direct
My witless step.

Arg. Where art thou bound?

Cur. I know not.
There would I bide, where I could tend on you,
And call you my heart's idol.

Arg. Cease, bold youth!
I must not hear thee.

Cur. Thou would'st hear, fair nymph,
All this and more from him, that happy youth,
For whom while slumb'ring here it was so late
Thy error, and my bliss, that I should pass.
O for the wealth of this, and ev'ry isle,
The broad sea circles; I would give it all
To be that youth!

Arg. In sooth you wrong me, stranger;
I know none such.

Cur. Indeed!

Arg. Or if I do,

'Tis one whom, finding, I should call my brother.

Cur. Would I were then that brother! No, not that;
It is too cold a wish; can brothers feel
That throbbing extacy, that trembling ardor,
That wraps me from myself, fires all my soul,
And tells me thou art dearer far than sister,
Father, or friend, dearer than life itself?

Arg. Ah! hope not, youth, tho' practis'd as thou seem'st,
More than enough, in all those flattering arts
That false men use to guile unwary maids;
Hope not to win my credence to a tale
So palpable, and gross: we are but now,
Some moments past, first met, and me thou lov'st
(Shame on thy fabling tongue) dearer than life.

Cur. I do, and call the sweet celerity,
With which I love, best witness of its truth.
Say, I had seen thee once (if possible)
And but approv'd thy beauties; if at second,
Third, or some after meeting love had grown
From that approof, I then had school'd my heart
And question'd its tame motions, call'd in judgment
To weigh in her slow scale the due degree
Of my cool passion. No, thou sylvan wonder,

I saw

I saw thee and I lov'd, without one pause
'Twixt fight and love ; and I must love thee ever,
Because I lov'd so soon.

Arg. And do I stay
To hear thee ?

Cur. Why not stay ? the blessed spirits,
That rove yon realms of light, might deign descend
To hear a tale of love so chaste as mine,
And bear their faintly purity to Heav'n
Unfollied as it came.

Arg. Was I, like them,
Secure from mortal frailness, trust me, youth,
I would not bid thee peace ; but as I am
A simple maid, whose very simpleness
Makes her (so set with snares is this bad world)
Only the readier prey, I must not hear thee ;
Indeed I must not. Fare thee well, good Youth !
A gentle one thou seem'st, and, sooth to say,
Such as, if chance had fixt thee in this vale
My rural neighbour, I had been well pleas'd
To call a friend.

Cur. O ! call me so sweet Maid,
And I will ever—

Arg. Hear me out, kind stranger.

I said, had chance so fixt thee, and withal
 Had'st thou with that same rustic shamefac'dness
 Demean'd thyself as simple shepherds use,
 Nor dar'd to talk, but of our flocks and herds,
 Or healing roots, their properties, and powers,
 And which is found on hills, which loves to dip
 Its tendrils in the stream—which flaunts on meads,
 And such like innocent themes—but this thy rashness,
 Not to say boldness, now has all undone,
 And therefore must I leave thee.

Cur. Stay thee, nymph,
 Or let me follow thee!

Arg. I have an uncle,
 With whom I dwell, who, should he meet thee, youth,
 Would chide thy frowardness.

Cur. Ah! let him chide,
 So thou but pitieest me.

Arg. And canst thou hope it?

Cur. Ah! why not hope from thee, what I might hope
 From yon bright throne of mercy? Pity thence
 Falls on the penitent. Forgive then, fairest,
 This first offence; and tho' I love thee still
 To desperation—do not fly—my tongue
 Shall ne'er again declare it. Stay, my fair,

I'll talk alone of flocks, and flowers, and herbs,
So thou but listen me : and art thou gone ?
I dread thy frown as death, yet more than death
I dread thy absence ; therefore I'll pursue thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to another Part of the Valley near the Hermitage.

Enter EDITHA *followed by the* FALCONER.

E D I T H A.

Begone, false traitor ! blessings on the man,
Whoe'er he be, that shackled thus thy arms !
Unbind them, Ruffian ? no, justice forbids

Thy suit, and prudence too. I will not aid thee.

Fal. Nay sweet, dear lady, untie but this one hard
knot, that cramps my wrist so miserably, (was I to tell
her that Lord OSWALD tied it 'twould stand me but in
small stead, therefore I'll hide that part of the story) [*aside*]
now for mercy's sake, most gentle lady (for that fair
face of your's bespeaks you to be a gentle lady, far more
truly than my rough one declares me a false traitor) do
but suffer your white hands to condescend to so charitable

an office, and I will follow you ever after thro' this dreary wilderness, like a tame spaniel; nay, on occasion be your bold mastiff, to defend you from wrong and robbery.

Ed. O my disastrous fate! I've mis'd the path,
Pursued by this vile spy of wicked EDEL.
Whither to turn I know not, or how drive
This miscreant from me. Ha! a hut is near;
The hallow'd rood fixt on its thatched top
Speaks it the cell of some sage solitary.
What if I seek asylum for a while
Beneath his lonely roof! The good old man
For christian charity will guide me hence,
When my spent limbs have rested me awhile.
Nay, he perchance, in pity to my case,
May force this knave to leave me.

[Raps at the door of the Cell,

Holy Sir!

A young and toil-worn traveller invokes
Your aid, and from your faintly orizons
Is fain to steal a moment, not mispent,
If giv'n in charity to help the wretched.
He answers not. He is not in the cell.
Yet thro' this wicker grate I spy his beads,
His book, and lamp, the oil yet burning in it.

Let

Let me attempt the latch : it is not barr'd ;
He cannot be far off. I'll venture in.

Fal. Now that would not I do for a King's ransom ;
for should she in his absence venture but to touch his
breviary or any of his holy geer, she may chance be
struck with a dead palsey for the sacrilege. I have often
heard of such misadventures. I shall however take no
harm, I trust, if I stand here at this due distance and
watch the upshot. But here comes the old Hermit, and
a fine long, white, venerable beard is he blest withal ;
eighty years growth, I'll warrant it : Yet walks he withal
as upright as a wand. This comes of temperance and
spare diet ! I shall never look half so well at his years.

Enter EDWIN.

Ed. I've trod yon path in vain. The Envoy's Son,
I look'd, must have been here by early dawn,
And now the golden sun has half-way reach'd
His noontide summit. Some mischance, I fear—
Who have we here ? His face I know full well.
'Tis the King's Falconer ; there be spies abroad.
Who art thou, yeoman, and what ruffian hand
Has thus enthrall'd thee ?

Fal. Alas ! Holy Father, we live in such bad times,
that nobles may be called ruffians, acting as thou seest,
thus

thus ruffian like. In few words, I am neither more nor less than his Majesty's Yeoman Falconer come hither, I trow, on no disloyal errand, but to detect disloyalty in the person of a certain great Earl, who, for reasons best known to himself, has feloniously decoy'd from our court the fair Princess ARGENTILE. I have already, ev'n under the hinderance of these vile gyves, found means to come up with one stray kid of the flock, namely the Lady EDITHA.

Ed. Stupendous chance! and where—

Fal. Now, would your holiness please to untie these bonds and lend me the key of your cell, I would instantly make her my prisoner, for in that cell have I kennel'd her.

Ed. The Lady EDITHA, and in my cell! Say'st thou in very truth?

Fal. Nay, was you to see her, you might chance to think me a liar; for her present humour is to man it in a green jerkin and hoes, but I spy'd her thro' all her disguises; therefore would'st thou but assist me in detaining her 'twould be the making of us both; as for your sanctity I could promise in the King's name to dub you an Abbot: for myself, as being no clerk, I shall be content with simple Knighthood.

Ed. Peace, fellow, peace. Let me reflect awhile—

It

It must not be! This meeting is too sudden;
It might o'ercome her spirits; yet to hide
My transports much exceeds a mortal's power.
O you, ye radiant tutelary powers,
That rule our destinies, arm, arm my soul
With your own prudence! make me for a while
That old and wither'd anchorite I seem!
Chill the warm tide of joy, that boils within me!
Be all my passions mortified and dead,
Till reason bids them wake to life, and rapture!

It is resolved, I still will be disguis'd.
Now to the interview—Villain, approach not!
If thou but stirr'st one step nearer yon threshold,
I've spells within shall shrivel up thy limbs,
As light'ning blasts the oak! [Exit Edwin.]

Fal. Yes truly, and I doubt it not; for there be many
of these solitaries, who, holy as they may seem, amuse
themselves now and then with as unhallowed a trade as
downright witchcraft. Now if the sight of a young
wench in that lonely place should conjure up a devil in
his own breast! But 'tis ill talking of the devil, see where
he comes—

Enter OSWALD.

Os. Knave, are we met again?

Fal. In sooth, noble Sir, this second meeting was
none

none of my seeking, whatever the first was; and ev'n
then I never wish'd to meet you single handed.

O/. I then indeed did leave my work half done;
I now will finish it. Thy feet no longer
Shall crawl at large; they too shall have their fetters.

Fal. Have ye no bowels? this exceeds the barbarity
of a turk or an infidel. Help, good father, help! will
you see a good christian murder'd in the very purlieus of
your holy place?

Re-enter EDWIN.

Ed. What bloody business, in the face of day,
Does the arch fiend of darkness now attempt,
To stain our holy sanctuary? avaunt!
Whate'er thou art. (Just Heav'ns it is my father
This day doth teem with wonders) [*Aside,*
Gracious beard,
Conceal me from his knowledge! [*Aside,*
Whence? what art thou,
That thus, in fierce and menacing act, assault'st
This peaceful traveller?

O/. I know him, Seer,
To be a villain, and a dangerous spy.
I am an honest yeoman, and I bide
I'th neighb'ring valley.

Fal.

Fal. 'Tis I, good Sir Hermit, that am the honest yeoman, and he, saving his nobility, no better than a false——

Of. Be silent, knave, or this avenging blade
Shall nail thy tongue fast in thy traitor jaws.
Poor coward, may'st thou hope that this same Hermit,
Thus old, thus palsied, if he dar'd to aid thee
Could shield thee from my fury!

Fal. Why indeed it must needs be said, when one feels that plaguy strong twist of your honor's wrist, that one cannot have much hope of that in a natural way; but if he was so minded, being a holy man, he might by his prayers—and yet after all it may be as well now at once to yield to thee at discretion. [*Oswald binds his feet.*]

Ed. Take not his life.

Of. I do not mean it, Father.

I'll but secure the knave from further mischief.

Fal. Look ye, my Lord, noble yeoman I mean, whatever mischief might have been in my intention, as we are all sinners you know, I have done you none in practice. I told you one piece of news, you know, that pleas'd you so much, that you pinion'd my arms for it, and now that you have shackled my legs I could tell you another, that would please you still better. But this I do not mean, unless you will set both at their liberty.

Of.

Of. Give me thy news, and let me judge its worth.

Fal. Know then, that the Princess's gentlewoman is—
but will you in very deed promise me my freedom?

Ed. There is no need. I without fee will speak
The rest; she now is lodg'd in yonder cell.

Fal. Methinks now, master Hermit, you might, in
charity to my pitiful plight, have suffer'd me to make
some small profit by my own secret.

Of. Haste, call her forth.

Ed. Alas, Sir, long fatigue
Has much exhausted her too tender frame!
Ev'n now my skill was charitably bent
On brewing cordials, which might best restore
Her strength and spirits.

Of. Trust me, Holy Father,
I am her best physician. Lead me to her.

Ed. Wait but a little hour.

Of. No, I must see
Her instantly; for she is dear to me.

Ed. Dear to thee! O repeat the blessed word!
What has my rashness utter'd?

*[Aside having thro' joy altered his voice into its natural
tone in the preceding line.]*

Of. Sure that voice—

And

And yet it cannot be; Heav'n's, how I tremble!
It pierc'd my very soul! surely it came
Thro' the thin air, not from his aged organs;
But still it was the voice of my lost EDWIN.

[*Leaning against the side of a rock.*]

Ed. Hence with disguise! it was indeed thy EDWIN's;
For thou hast call'd him thine. [*Pulling off his beard.*]

O. This is too much! [*Falling into his Son's arms.*]
Strengthen me, Heav'n, to bear it!

Ed. O my Father!

O. My Son, my Son, words cannot speak my transport!
Lead me into thy mansion.

Ed. Pause a while,
And bless me on this spot with your forgiveness;
Or on this spot again reject your son!

O. Reject thee, EDWIN!

Ed. Yes, fir, here this instant!
Nay take the very life blood, which ye gave me,
But take it here; for EDITHA as yet
Knows not I live, therefore she will not weep.

O. But she shall weep, and weep such tears as these.
See how they course, my boy, down these old cheeks!
Dost pardon me, EDWIN? I see thou dost.
Thy EDITHA is thine; this hand shall join you.

Let's

Let's to the happy business. Haste, my Son,
This is a meeting of that wond'rous sort,
As seems contrived by holier agents far
Than common chance.

Ed. It is, and my full soul
Piously thanks their holy agency.
Yet, Sir, if I reveal myself thus rashly
To tender EDITHA, I fear me much—

Of. Fear nothing, Son ! at such a fateful time
He acts the best, who acts upon the sudden,
And is but engine to the purposes
Of those supernal workers, who disdain
The aid of our weak reason ; nay, perchance,
May frown if it submits not to their guidance.
—But who comes here ?

Enter a DANE.

Dane. The Danish Envoy, Father,
Commends him to your benison, and asks
For tidings of his Son.

Ed. Hence, Sir, with speed,
And tell him, tho' that Son be not return'd,
I shall full soon attend him at his tent
With news of special moment.

[*Exit Dane.*

I not doubt,

[*To Oswald.*

The Princess, Sir, is lodg'd in safety near us.

Of.

Of. She is—and soon as I have seen my daughter.—

Ed. O, Sir, this goodness overcomes me wholly !

What shall I do or say ?

Of. Follow me, boy,

Into the cell. A moment there shall shew

How kindly I will own her for my child,

How make her thine for ever. Then, my Son,

I'll with thee to the strand, salute the Envoy,

And plan, while Heav'n beholds us with a smile,

How best to avenge the wrongs of ARGENTILE.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

VOL. III.

T

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene on the Sea Shore, at the Entrance of the Ambassador's Tent, with the Danish Fleet lying at Anchor.

Enter SEWOLD with an OFFICER.

SEWOLD.

Say'st thou not yet return'd? Away with hope!

It cannot be but some untoward chance

Has foil'd his cunning; haply the poor Prince,

Fetter'd and famish'd in some loathsome dungeon,

Calls me to succour him. He shall not call

In vain. Haste, Gothmund; disembark the troops.

I'll lead them to the Castle.

[Exit Officer.]

Coming thus

In menacing guise, with such an armament,

Suddenly on the King, he must, thro' fear,

Give up my royal charge. Yet must I still

Conceal his lineage, lest the Tyrant prove

Unwilling to give up a prize so precious.

Meanwhile, if OSWALD brings the Princess here,

Who

Who shall receive her?—Hark! the sound of steps,
Haply the Prince—No 'tis the youthful Hermit.

Enter OSWALD and EDWIN.

Ed. Heav'n and its peace protect thee, noble Dane!
Behold a Saxon, who, tho' mean in garb,
Is rich in blood and honour. He comes fraught
With tidings, that import thee much to know.
Admit him quickly to thy tent.

Sew. As friends,
I pray ye, enter both.

Ed. Not so, my Lord;
I'll wait without. His private business told,
If it then seem thee meet to use my service,
Ev'n to its best that service shall be your's.

Sew. I thank thee and retire.

[Exeunt Sewold and Oswald.]

Ed. Indulgent stars!
Thus far beyond all hopes your fav'ring aspect
Has crown'd my wish. The mistress of my soul,
My EDITHA is mine! A Father's smile
Gives sanction to our loves. What now remains,
But that, obsequious to the call of justice,
We spirit up the Dane to quell the Tyrant?
And see, full well I deem to aid our purpose,

Forth from the swelling sides of yon proud vessel
An armed band is pour'd ; another yet,
And yet a third yields up her martial burthen !

Enter OFFICER and SOLDIERS.

I'll hail their leader—Benedicite,
Brave Warrior ! may a peaceful Anchorite,
Unus'd to fights like these, ask with due deference
Wherefore ye quit your anchor'd ships, and why,
Your bright helms glittering to the golden sun,
Ye march in shew of dread hostility ?

Off. Lord SEWOLD, Envoy of illustrious Denmark,
So wills.

Ed. And may I crave your numbers, valiant Dane ?

Off. Five thousand strong : Men whose try'd hardihood
Full oft have cop'd with twice that number, Father,
Unfoil'd ; for never yet on hostile shore
Did they descend, but Victory sat and smil'd
Cresting their sable raven. Trust me, Seer,
This is no wordy vaunt.

Ed. I will not think it ;

For, to my judgment, never march'd a train,
Whose noble bearings more bespoke their prowess.
Each common bowman treads with that firm step,
Might fit a spearman.

Off.

Off. Hermit, thou say'st well ;

For these be men cull'd from our veteran troops
To honor what was meant an Embassage
Of Peace and Amity ; but now, it seems,
We must to our old trade, to blows and bloodshed.
We know our craft. You, Captain, to the right ;
You to the left, and wedge in closer file.
Now mount the raven, bid the trumpet speak.

Ed. Transporting sound ! the glorious clangor thrills
Thro' every nerve. Off with these weeds of sloth !
I am, I feel myself once more a foldier !

[Throws off his disguise and appears in armour.]

Off. Hah ! what is this my hoary beardsman chang'd
To a stout well-arm'd champion ? by your leave,
Young butterfly just broke from wintry slough,
I mean to pinch your wings. Guards, seize the spy !

Ed. Off Sirs, and know me for the friend of Denmark !

Off. A foe might say as much ; but where's the Dane
Would take him at his word ? Art not a Saxon ?

Ed. I am.

Off. And therefore, stubborn Sir, my prisoner—

Ed. I cannot blame thy caution, plain-tongu'd foldier ;
Therefore, till noble SEWOLD quits his tent,
I yield me patiently.

Off. Patience on choice,
Or force, it matters not; thou must be patient:
Yet, if Lord SEWOLD owns thee for his friend,
Thy durance will be short, for see he comes!

Enter OSWALD and SEWOLD.

Os. This is a gallant sight, it glads my soul—
But where is EDWIN?

Ed. Here Sir, and, if freed,
Ready to serve the Dane, and in that duty
My Father, Queen, and Country.

Sew. What is this?

[Seeing Edwin detained by the Guards.

Release him, Guards, and let me clasp his valour.
Know, Earl, while yet this son was lost to thee,
He was my courteous host, and in his prudence,
Join'd with his heritage of thy known honor,
I so confide, that, let him give the word,
And I and all these veterans will obey
His brave behests. Behold, ye Men of Denmark,
Into the valiant grasp of this young Lord
I place my staff of Office! Denmark's weal
Prompts me to this: as second in command,
Be it my pride to join him. Sound the clarion,
And hail brave EDWIN general. *[Flourish and shout.*

Ed.

Ed. Noble Dane !

Thou shalt not find this weighty trust repos'd
In idle hands. My deeds shall speak my thanks.
My father—need I to remind your care
Of absent EDITHA ?

Ofw. I'll go, my son,
And lodge her safely with her royal mistress :
Yet, e'er I go, thus let me clasp thee to me,
And call down blessings with a father's favour
On thy dear head, thy troops, and their just cause.
Yet mark me, son, when secret thou hast brought
These veterans near the walls, I deem it best
Thou should'st dismiss some trusty spy to ALDRED,
Our honour'd kinsman, Captain of the Guards ;
So, on the instant when thy valour spreads
Th' assault without, he, by revolt within,
May seize the Citadel : this if thou dost,
(And to this end my letters have prepar'd him)
Success is certain.

Edw. I will lay the Council
Close to my heart. Thy blessing, father ! Now
Envoy I'm thine. Come on, ye Danish lyons,
I'll lead you to your prey ! A wily Tyrant
Shall fall beneath the fangs of your just vengeance,
Tame as the coward stag !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

T 4

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A Cottage in another part of the Valley.

Out of a Wood on one side enter CURAN.

There in yon copse, beneath a spreading elm,
The night did pass upon my slumbering head,
And scatter'd, as she went, from her dun wing
Full many a dream; wild and disjointed all,
Yet pleasing: for they all, in colours bright
Of heaven's own pencilling, did picture her,
Whom only heav'n can image. Now, methought,
A visionary bark with streamers gay,
Its oars still beating time to warbling harps,
Bore us to Denmark. Sudden now the scene
Was shifted, and a cot mantled with joy
Was all our kingdom; yet we there seem'd crown'd
With more than kingly blessings. At the dawn
I rose, and shook the night-dew from my vest;
Then from yon meadow with attentive care
I cull'd the choicest flowers for scent or hue,
And wove them in this garland. When my fair one
Quits yonder homely cabin, (far alas!

Too

Too homely to enshrine so rich a faint)
 This path she needs must take. Here then I'll drop
 The fragrant pledge, in hope that she may bless
 Its weaver by the wearing. To my wish
 The wicket opens ; 'tis her lovely self !
 She comes, she comes ! Thou friendly thicket shroud me.

[*He retires.*]

Enter ARGENTILE.

Alas ! Alas ! the morn is far advanc'd
 And yet no tidings come of loyal OSWALD,
 Or my dear EDITHA. What's this, a chaplet ?
 Not the dear Maid herself could better fort
 Its hues, or with more careless grace combine.
 I'll place it on my brow. But, let me pause !
 No rustic hand has thus arrang'd these buds.
 This is no forest workmanship. It claims
 A nicer weaver. I might guess and come
 Near to the mark of truth, if I pronounc'd
 That comely Youth its maker, who of late
 So long address'd my too indulgent ear.
 A forester he seem'd, yet sure his phrase
 Spoke him of gentle lineage. Blushing blooms !
 There may be guileful snakes hid in your perfume :
 I dare not use your decking. Lie thou there,

Sweet

Sweet wreath! and may some happier maid, with brow
Unshent by care, adopt your gay adornings;
They suit not with my sadness.

CURAN, *starting from the Thicket.*

So, sweet Maid,
Ev'n so, as that fair hand discards my wreath,
Your cruel heart disdains my constancy!

Arg. I did not err. Go, Youth, take back thy flowers,
Fit emblem of thy sexes constancy.
Both are but born to fade.

Cur. Thus to decide
Is all too harsh a sentence. If on me
Thy frown inflicts it, thou shalt find it false,
Ev'n tho' for life impos'd.

Arg. Go, flattering stranger,
And sooth some simpler damsel with the tale,
Thy truth or falsehood to my absent ear
Will be the same; reckless alike of both.

Cur. Wert thou a Queen, as well thy beauty merits,
Thou would'st rejoice to rule o'er loyal subjects;
Ev'n if those subjects ne'er approach'd thy throne.
I am thy beauty's vassal. Shroud it from me,
I am thy vassal still. Thy frowns or smiles
May load my vassalage, or make it easy;
Yet still thou art its sov'reign.

Arg.

Arg. Fabling youth,
 Each quaint allusion in thy speech bewrays
 The glossing Courtier. The true Forester,
 Who to the turtle's truth compar'd his own,
 Or match'd his wailings with the nightingale's,
 Would to my ear his suit more aptly move,
 And more pathetic, than thy forc'd phrase
 Set out with royal trimmings. Hie thee hence
 To some throng'd city. Woo some noble Virgin,
 May relish better with accustomed ear
 Thy talk of Queens and Vassals. I the while
 Will tend my little flock in this still vale,
 Lift'ning their rural bleating.

Cur. Sylvan Wonder,
 Know, tho' no inmate of these neighb'ring hamlets,
 I have a soul can taste all rural pleasures,
 With thee would court them as the choicest blessing
 Heaven has in store for mortals, or what next
 To thy fair self was precious! Try me, sweet one!
 See with what nimble zeal on yonder cliffs
 I'll seek thy straggling lambs! at close of day
 How safely pen them in their hurdled cotes!
 At night how guard them from the prowling wolf!
 Then ever and anon at sultry noon

Shalt

Shalt thou, o'er-canopied by thickest shade,
Recline on this true bosom ; while I breathe
Light roundelays upon my oaten reed,
And lull thee to sweet slumbers. Try me, fairest !

Arg. No more, soft youth ! Picture not scenes of bliss,
Which, if in very truth thou deem'd'st them such,
With me thou ne'er must share. Have I not said
My uncle is a stern man and austere ?
He will not match me with thy alien birth.

Cur. " The old have interest ever in their eye ;"
So says a well-prov'd proverb. Trust me, Virgin,
I can a dowery bring will soon o'ercome
His scruples, tho' when poiz'd against thy worth
The weightiest ingots of each Indian mine
Would lightly kick the beam.

Arg. Indeed, indeed,
My heart is much to blame thus to prolong
This tender converse ; yet, I know not how,
There is a kind of music in his voice,
And such a melting mildness in his eye,—
O that I ne'er had seen him ! *[Aside.*

Cur. Turn thee, Nymph !
Still let those eyes shed their sweet radiance on me !
I live but by thy smiles. The jealous flower,

In its true yellow livery, that still turns
Where the sun flames, watching his burning course,
Then nightly droops the head, as he declines,
Best parallels my passion.

Arg. Gentle Youth,
Thou hast no cause to droop, when I am gone,
As now perforce I must. What if while absent
I dar'd to impose one friendly office on thee?

Cur. O blefs me with the errand !

Arg. I have said,
I seek a long-lost brother ; could'st thou find him ?
He pairs thee in complexion, dress, and size,
Save somewhat more of slender. Nay, so much
Alike, thou know'st I lately took thee for him.
He journeys from the North along the flats.
Could'st thou from any neighb'ring cliff detect
The wand'rer's step, and lead him to this cottage,
My smiles should thank thee.

Cur. Let me press that hand
With these chaste lips, and instant I am gone.
For such another bliss, my willing toil
Would plough the stormy main. [Exit Curan.

Arg. If he succeeds
He brings me back my friend, that friend erewhile

Had

Had with her brought my peace ; but now, alas !
 I fear me much the better half is lodg'd
 In other hands ; yet those are gentle too—
 POOR ARGENTILE ! how wayward is thy fate—
 I'll to the grove and weep. [Exit Argentile.

S C E N E III.

Scene changes to the Hermit's Cell.

*Enter EDITHA from within ; the FALCONER at
 some distance laid on the Ground asleep.*

E D I T H A.

This is a painful pause ; and joy and fear
 Rule it by turns in my distracted bosom !
 Perhaps, ev'n now the Princess steep'd in tears
 Laments me lost : Perhaps my late-found love,
 Now lost to me again, in civil broils
 Hazards his dearest life. O patience, patience !
 Grac'd, as I am, with Heav'n's unhop'd for favours,
 Let me not drive thee hence, who still from Heav'n
 Call'st down fresh favors on the trusting wretch,
 That hugs thee in her bosom. Whence that noise !

'Tis

'Tis but the sleeping Falconer's noisy drone.

Sleep on, thou meddling knave. I need not fear thee.

—Enter OSWALD.

Oſ. Health to thee, Virgin, and a length of days
Prosperous as this beginning ! I return
To lead you to our Queen.

Ed. Dread Earl, your Son
Did ſay —

Oſ. He did, that with me he'd return ;
But buſineſs more important, (thanks to Heav'n)
Detains him for a while. Thy lover, Lady,
Is now the Daniſh General.

Ed. O my fears !

Oſ. Say, doſt thou fear ? Truſt me, I too ſhould fear,
If I could call his mother's truth in queſtion ;
But he is mine, legitimately mine,
And cannot play the coward. Yes, my EDWIN,
Thou'lt lop the Tyrant's head ; I nothing doubt it.
Come on, and in our way to ARGENTILE
Thou ſhalt hear more. But firſt I'll give this ſpy
His liberty. [Unties the Falconer.
Riſe, Falconer, get thee hence !
Go tell thy Maſter thou haſt found i'the foreſt
A neſt of traitors. Tell him where they're hid,

And

And gain a traitor's guerdon for thy tidings.

Haste on, dear EDITHA.

[Exit pushing out the Falconer.]

Ed. I do, Sir, tremblingly.

S C E N E IV.

Changes near to ARGENTILE'S Cottage.

Enter CURAN.

I've climb'd yon cliff in vain. This to the right
Remains untry'd; yet this way e'er I reach it
I may, perhaps, again behold that form,
Which makes all others viewless.

Enter ARGENTILE to him hastily.

Arg. Careless youth!

Return'd so soon! return'd without my Brother!
False one, thou ne'er hast fought him.

Cur. Far as eye

Could from yon beetling brow detect a gull,
So far these eyes have pierc'd, nor saw one glimpse
Of human face. But hopeless is the chance,
That he, who lost himself is only found
Where thou art present, fitly e'er should use

Those

Those faculties, thy absence takes away :
 For, absent when thou art, tyrannic fancy
 Seizes my sight and fixes in each orb
 Thy image only. If I spy a rose,
 It is thy blushing cheek ; a crystal rill,
 It is thy sparkling eye. Each element ;
 Fire, water, air are tinctur'd with thy features.
 Gods ! she is mute ; no sympathetic sigh
 Gives murmuring proof, that she approves my passion.
 Why is it thus, O ye remorseless powers !
 I've heard that love was ever eloquent ;
 That tongues, how rude foe'er, nay, that dumb eyes
 Inspir'd by love could speak as plain as tongues,
 And more persuasively. If this were true,
 My eyes, my cheeks, each feature had been vocal,
 And told their tale with such sweet energy
 It must have been believed. They mock'd me much
 Who told me this ; for I have no such powers.

Arg. Thou hast, too eloquent youth ! indeed thou hast !

Cur. No not enough to gain me the cold credence,
 I love beyond expression.

Arg. Think not so :

I do believe thou lov'st me.

Cur. So believing,

Canst thou then cruelly reject that love,
 Because 'tis offer'd by a nameless lover?
 I heretofore did boast that I was rich ;
 That boast did fail to move thee, To say more,
 Know, that my birth is noble. Will that truth
 Avail me? will my fairest meet my wishes,
 When I declare this hand, this heaving heart,
 That sue to join in marriage bonds with hers,
 Are ev'n of royal lineage?

Arg. Ha! what say'st thou?

Cur. That I'm a Prince; and yet so much I love thee,
 I'll bear my sweet, my simple shepherdess
 Swift to my Father's court, make her my bride,
 Clothe her in gold and purple: orient pearls,
 ' Stead of those meadow flowers, shall braid her hair.
 Good Heav'ns! she weeps. Is it a cause for tears,
 That thou behold'st thus prostrate at thy feet
 A heart and crown offer'd by Denmark's Heir!

Arg. By Denmark's Heir!

Cur. Yes, to the Saxon court
 He came disguis'd to see its beauteous Princess;
 (For beauteous, fame had boasted her to be)
 How, in that aim, his various efforts fail'd
 Imports but little. He has seen in thee
 What makes all beauty homely, save thy own.

Arg.

Arg. Heav'ns ! is this true ?

Cur. It is by all the Powers

That rule our destinies ! They mock at pride,
Princes and Peasants their impartial scale
Holds all in equal balance ! 'Tis their sport
To teach the vain possessors of such toys,
As wealth and birth, how little is their worth
When laid, as now, an unaccepted gift
At the bright shrine of beauty.

Arg. Rise, Sir, rise !

If thou'rt the Prince of Denmark, fate has been
Beyond, whate'er we read in feigned legend,
Ingenious to beguile thee. Now, methinks,
I almost wish to be that ARGENTILE,
You seem to scorn.

Cur. Be rather thy fair self,

Who canst give more to my transported soul
In one sweet smile, than ARGENTILE could bring
With all her royal dower.

Arg. You ne'er beheld

That Princess, Sir.

Cur. Nor do I wish it, fairest !

Thou hast such full possession of my soul,
That, were she lovely as thy loveliest self,

(Impossible to think) it were as easy
 A single hand should lift some first-rate barque
 From ocean's breast, and on the timber'd base,
 Whence late it launch'd, refix its pond'rous keel,
 As snatch my heart from that delicious harbour,
 Where all my hopes have anchor'd.

Arg. Wouldst thou, Prince,
 Relinquish for my love so vast a dower?

Cur. I have, sweet maid, relinquish'd it already,
 Ev'n e'er thy love be gain'd.

Arg. I find thee apt,
 Great Sir, to part with what the world holds precious:
 Canst thou still part with more?

Cur. No, not with thee:
 Thou canst not mean it. Dost thou scorn me only,
 Because I am a Prince?

Arg. I do, and must,
 While I remain an humble Shepherdess.

Cur. A village maid has oft been crown'd a Queen.

Arg. Yet never without loss of happiness.
 And, trust me, Sir, while I can safely sojourn
 In this still valley, tend my little flock,
 Sleep in yon cot, and press this perfum'd bank,
 I seek no loftier station.

Cur.

Cur. Say not this

To him, who born a Prince has scorn'd his equal,
And loves but thee alone.

Arg. But can he scorn
Himself? I mean his better part of self?

Cur. No, for that part art thou.

Arg. Mistake me not;
I mean thy royalty. Love lives not long
Without equality. To love his equal,
That Prince must be a shepherd.

Cur. Be it so.

I'll make that change the test of my true passion.
I here disclaim all royalty. I'll live
In this still valley, tend thy little flock,
Sleep with thee in yon cot, and with thee press
This perfum'd bank.

Arg. O! thou hast won my heart!
Away, away with maiden shamefastness!
I will confess, I love thee.

Cur. Take then, Heav'n,
Take back again each trivial good ye gave me!
Take back superfluous wealth, superfluous grandeur!
This, this is all I'll keep; but I will prize it,
As Monarchs do their crowns!

Enter

*Enter OSWALD and EDITHA from the Path behind,
and stand at a distance.*

O S W A L D.

Am I awake ?

What ! ARGENTILE lock'd in a rustic's arms !

Ed. Patience and silence, Sir ; for be assur'd,
If he, that was the Minstrel, be the Prince,
As you have said the Danish Envoy told ye,
That same is he.

Of. Say'st thou ? O blest event !

Arg. Heav'ns, Sir, my uncle ! Nay, my Brother too !
O all ye stars ! Permit me, that I meet them ;
I'll speedily return.

Cur. Go, my soul's treasure,
But make thy absence short ! Peace, peace, my heart,
Leap not for very rapture thro' my breast !
Patience, fond flutterer ! Let me mark their meeting.
See, how my Love falls on that Brother's neck !
I envy him his bliss, tho' he's her Brother.
And now they hurry both into their cottage.
Her uncle this way bends. I'll meet him boldly,
He that has honor in his fair intent
Can feel no terror from a mortal's frown,

Of. Who art thou, Forester ?

Cur.

Cur. Whate'er I am,
Deem me no foe to thee and thy fair kindred.

Of. I hope thou art not, yet I needs must ask
Your business here, and why your ardent gaze
Is fixt on yonder cot?

Cur. Because that cot
Contains the dearest treasure of my soul,
A Goddess in the semblance of a maid,
To whom my love is plighted. Good old man,
Admit me to her presence.

Of. That I must not.
'Tis her own wish, I should detain thee here
Till she returns.

Cur. Away, that cannot be!
Did ever turtle with her mate detain'd——

[*A flourish of trumpets heard.*

Of. What shout was that?

Cur. 'Tis Denmark's trumpet sounds!
What may this mean?

Of. O ye propitious stars!

Cur. I know that flourish: 'tis the note of conquest.

Enter SEWOLD, EDWIN, and SOLDIERS.

S E W O L D.

My Prince! My Pupil! [*Sewold embracing Curan.*

Ed.

Edw. O my noble father! [*Falling at Oswald's feet.*
Accept this sword steeped in the Tyrant's blood——

Sew. And art thou found at this auspicious moment!
Where is thy Queen, thy ARGENTILE!

Cur. Good SEWOLD,
I pray thee check this sudden burst of joy,
Nor dream of ARGENTILE; she is not here,
Nor do I wish,—O that my tongue could crowd
A thousand thousand thoughts in one short sentence!
Give me the hearing. Thou perchance may'st chide;
But, know, in this sweet vale I've met a maid—
Nay, interrupt me not—she was not born
Indeed of noble kin, and, sooth to say,
Is but a Shepherd's niece. But what of that?
Thou know'st, my SEWOLD, Heav'n's impartial eye
(I but repeat thy lecture, wisest SEWOLD)
Notes no distinction in the equal chain,
That links humanity. Nature, good Herald,
Marshals alike the Peasant and the Prince,
And gives the self-same blazon. See, she comes!
Mark her, my SEWOLD, what a modest blush
Damaſks her cheek. Give me thy judgment, friend.
Is not her rural sweet simplicity
Beyond all Majesty? withal Majestic,

Or

Or would be so, if it were for her purpose

To put on Majesty, but she disdains it.

Kneel with me, SEWOLD, kneel, ye men of Denmark,

All kneel and hail this heavenly maid your Queen !

Enter ARGENTILE and EDITHA (in a Woman's Dress.)

A R G E N T I L E.

Rise, Prince, thy looks declare thou wilt not scorn me,

Tho' I am ARGENTILE.

Cur. Mock not my love !

Arg. I do not, Sir ; this act shall prove I do not.

Mark it, I pray. Behold this faithful maid,

Whom late in man's attire I call'd my brother !

Behold this gallant warrior ! he, whose valour

So nobly has aveng'd thy country's wrongs,

To him I give her hand. His fire approves

The act. See, he devours my snowy gift

With all a lover's rapture !

[Joining the hands of Editha and Edwin.]

Cur. As I thine !

[Seizing Argentile's hand.]

Edw. What words shall speak my thanks ? Yes I have words

My Queen will think ev'n worth so dear a gift.

Your father lives.

Arg. My father !

Os. ADELBRIGHT !

VOL. III.

X

Edw.

Edw. These honor'd hands
Did lead him from the convent to the castle.

Arg. And in his perfect health?

Edw. Of health such share,
As his full years allow. Yet strong enough
To go to-morrow, so his priest had prompted,
And wend him to the woods, a solitary——

Arg. O Prince! O OSWALD! where shall my full heart,
O'erburthen'd with its blessings, first select
Her theme of praise to heav'n. First, my best father,
For thy dear life, prolong'd to bless my nuptials,
I bow my thankful knee! and next, my Prince,
(Nay kneel thou too) bless we the host of saints,
For that, by means beyond compare mysterious,
They sav'd us from the curse entail'd on Princes,
And gave our hearts that rare felicity
Of choice in freedom, which they give the Peasant!

Cur. They did. They lighted the bright torch of love,
And bade it blaze ere policy could damp
With its chill touch the fervor of the flame.

Sew. Blest pair, how will the story of your loves,
When born upon the wings of poesy
To after ages, call forth envious sighs
From all of royal ear that drink the tale!

Cur.

Cur. True, my best SEWOLD! Now, sweet ARGENTILE,
Lest hasten to thy father. Dost thou loiter?

Arg. Only to pay these hospitable shades
The tribute of my thanks. Farewell, sweet vale!
Farewell, ye tranquil shades, where love was born,
And where, did duty not withdraw her step,
Love still would wish to sojourn! yet no long
Farewell; for soon, in these same pastoral weeds,
(If it so please the partner of my soul
To join me in the pleasing pilgrimage)
I will revisit your dear solitudes.

Cur. Yes, ARGENTILE, yes, ye delicious glades!
We'll steal a frequent holyday from state,
Here to repeat in every different haunt
What pass'd in this sweet valley. Thou shalt find me
Couch'd by yon babbling rill: thy kifs shall wake me;
Then, feigning sweet surprize, here shalt thou fly,
And here in amorous chase will I pursue thee:
Then shalt thou yield——

Arg. Yet not till all that tale
Of tender love, which charm'd of late my ear,
Be twice told over.

Cur. Sweet one! so it shall;
And ev'ry time with an increase of ardor.

Our

Our love shall be peculiar, as our fate ;
 Time shall not pall it, pageantry and state
 Quench its first fervor. Hither will we fly,
 Leaving at court all cares of royalty :
 Here, shelter'd in our ivy-mantled nest,
 'Spite of that royalty, we *will* be blest.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

